

THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 3 Jan. 1962

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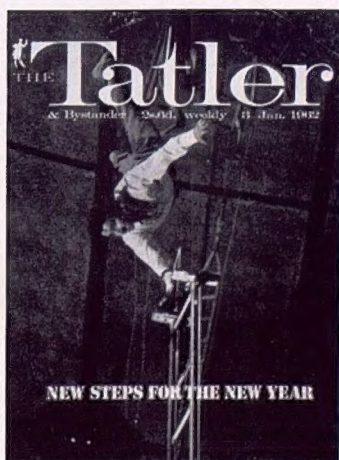
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

3 JANUARY 1962

Volume 243 Number 3149

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New Steps for the New Year in the cover picture are taken by an acrobat who is more accustomed to relying on hands than feet in his high-wire act at Fossell's Circus. Adrian Flowers photographed him on a visit to Ireland. Other new steps in the following pages are taken by a variety of people—notably the young textile designers (page 27 onwards) who have all embarked on ambitious plans for 1962. For new steps to a spring wardrobe turn to page 35 where fashion editor Elizabeth Dickson solves problems for the Organisation Mum

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £7 14s.; Six months (including Christmas number), £3 19s.; (without Christmas number) £3 15s.; Three months (no extras) £1 18s. Corresponding rates for Canada: £7 1s., or 20 dollars, 50 cents; £3 12s. 6d., or 10 dollars, 50 cents; £3 8s. 6d., or 10 dollars; £1 14s. 6d., 5 dollars. U.S.A. (dollars) 22.50; 11.50; 11.00; 5.75. Elsewhere abroad: £7 18s. 6d.; £4 1s.; £3 17s. 6d.; £1 19s.

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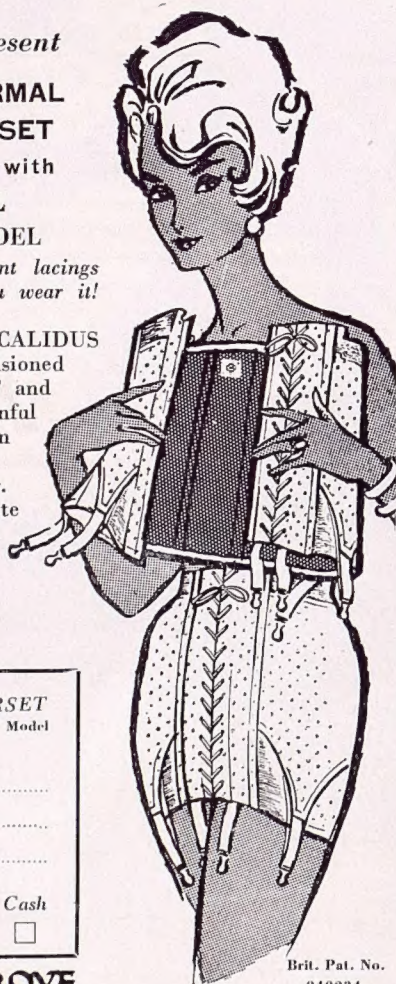
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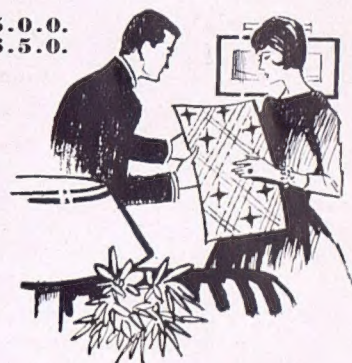
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

New Forest Spinners Ball, New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst, Hants, 5 January.

Little Ships Club Dinner, Park Lane Hotel, 5 January.

Masked Ball for young people, May Fair Hotel, 9 January. (Tickets: £2 2s., N.S.P.C.C., GER 2774.)

Hunt Balls: Portman, Bryanston School, Blandford Forum, Dorset. (Tickets: £2 10s. from the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Beckett, Berkeley Lodge, Blandford Forum.) **Brecon**, Dering Lines, Brecon. (Tickets: £2 2s. from Hon. Secs., Glanyrafon, Llangynidr, nr. Crickhowell. Brecon 179. After 6 p.m., Bwlch 265.) **Stevcnstone**, Portledge Hotel, nr. Bideford, Devon. (Tickets: £1 10s. inc. supper, from the Hon. Sec., Peppercombe Cottage, Horns Cross, Bideford. Horns Cross 237.) **Pytchley**, Cottesbrooke Hall, Northants; **Fife**, County Hall, Cupar; **Seavington**, Colfox School, Bridport; All on 5 January. **Quorn**, Thrumpton Hall, Notts, 6 January; **Cury**, Madeira Hotel, Falmouth, 8 January; **Berkeley**, Berkeley Castle, Glos; **Oakley**, Melchbourne Park, Beds (Tickets: £3 5s. from Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Hart Farm, Stevington, Beds. Oakley 337); **Pevensay Marsh Beagles**, Cavendish Hotel,

Eastbourne, 12 January. **Woodland Pytchley**, Deene Park, Northants, 13 January.

Putney Hospital Dance, Hurlingham Club, 12 January. (Tickets: £1 1s. from Mrs. A. M. Tudor, 12 Hazelwell Road, S.W.15.)

R.A.D.A. Theatre Ball, Savoy, 12 January, in aid of the Denville Hall Rest Home. (Tickets: £3 3s. inc. supper, from Mrs. H. W. Rubin, 31 Pelham Court, Fulham Road, S.W.2. KEN 9833.)

Feathers Dance, Lyceum Ballroom, Strand, 15 January, in aid of the Feathers Youth Clubs. 10-17 age group. (Tickets: £1, table reservations £1, from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. KEN 8600.)

Cinderella Ball, St. Michael's School Hall, Graham Terrace, S.W.1, 4 January, in aid of the League of Pity. For 11-16 age group. (Tickets: 15s., from Mrs. Derrick Farmiloe, Flat 2, 36 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. KNI 7940.)

Princess Marina will attend the gala première of *The Valiant* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on 4 January, in aid of the Mayor of Westminster's Appeal Fund for Mental Health. (Tickets: 10s. 6d. to 20 gns. WHI 6111.)

Twelfth Night Ball, the Dorchester, 4 January, in aid of the Lifeline Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons. (Tickets: £2 10s. inc. dinner, from the Ball Organizer, 67a Campden High Street, N.W.1. EUS 4167.)

Toy Fair Party, Harrods, 4 January, in aid of the Save The Children Fund. (Tickets: 15s., from Mrs. P. Lawton, 8 Ladbroke Terrace, W.11. PAR 8564.)

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Cheltenham, today & 4; Windsor, 5, 6; Leicester 6 & 8; Hurst Park, Liverpool, 10, 11; Haydock Park, Sandown Park, 12, 13; Birmingham, 13 January.

TENNIS

Junior Covered Court Championships of Great Britain, Queen's Club, to 6 January.



Erich Auerbach

Geraint Evans in the part of Papageno, the birdcatcher, in the new production of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, by Dr. Klemperer, that opens at Covent Garden tomorrow night. Mr. Evans is a baritone of international distinction, and has sung at La Scala, Milan, among other opera houses

RUGBY

England v. The Rest, Twickenham, 6 January.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m. tonight & 5 January; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2 p.m., 6 January; *Cinderella*, 7.30 p.m., 9 January. (cov 1066.) **Covent Garden Opera**. *Die Zauberflöte*, 4, 6, 8, 11 January; *Aida*, 10, 12 January, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet in *The Nutcracker*. To 13 January. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Primitives To Picasso. Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. 6 January-18 February.

EXHIBITIONS & SHOWS

International Boat Show, Earls Court. To 13 January.

Royal Gifts Exhibition, Christie's, King Street, St. James's. In aid of Y.W.C.A. To 21 January.

Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, Olympia. To 13 January.

Camping Exhibition, Olympia. To 13 January.

BRIGGS by Graham





GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

Ben Goon: Spike Milligan, the arch-Goon, adopts luxurious whiskers for the comparatively plain sailing part of Ben Gunn, benevolent castaway, in *Treasure Island* which is at the Mermaid Theatre till the end of the month. The cast also includes John Woodvine as Long John Silver, and Sean Scully as Jim Hawkins, while Jack Spratt, Amazon parrot bought for the first production two years ago, again plays Captain Flint, having become a permanent resident at the theatre. The play is directed by Colin Ellis



Iain Crawford

English traditional—and fashionable

NEXT DOOR TO THE BARRACKS AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE IS ONE OF THE MOST agreeable small clubs in London. **The Wellington Club** has been there a long time—I remember it was going strong during the war—and it is easy to see why it has remained popular. The setting is English and solidly comfortable. Upstairs the bar is graciously panelled and the atmosphere is that of a well-appointed private house. Downstairs in the dining-room the relaxed ambience remains. There is a half balcony and tables around the small square of dance floor, the décor is opulent—rich and red with blue candles—but not of the over-exotic kind of which one so easily tires, and the service is excellent. Victor Ledger, who used to run the Albany Club in Savile Row, is the owner and manager of the Wellington. He is quite firm about what he thinks people want. “Good food, good drink and a pleasant place to eat in, a band to dance to which doesn’t thrust itself at you when you are not dancing.” The music is provided by the Alan Kane Trio and Lou Harris and his Quartet, rhythmically, tunefully and un-thrustfully. The food is excellent and reasonably priced—Chicken Maryland, 17s. 6d., *Jambon Braise au Madère*, 12s. 6d.—and the menu, while sticking to the traditional French names, does at least provide English translations and explanations to each dish. The wine list is in the custody of an amiable and knowledgeable Polish *sommelier*, Ludwig, whose advice I treated with the suspicion I reserve for wine-waiters but which proved excellent.

There is a Château Pontet Canet 1955 on the list which I should have thought a little young for immediate consumption, for 27s. 6d. It proved me wrong because it was full-bodied and without hardness. Among over a hundred wines listed, a Médoc for 17s. 6d., a Château de Sales 1953 for 22s. and a Pouilly Blanc Fumé, Château de Nozet 1959 (though listed as a white burgundy) for 35s. seemed particularly interesting.

A restaurant without a kitchen has just opened in Charing Cross Road. This is **Le Gourmet Room** and in it what would seem at first to be an insuperable handicap is overcome by doing all the cooking on spirit stoves at the table. This is a practice that is growing in London and which I could just as well do without. The novelty of seeing your food cooked before you very soon wears off, and to spend the rest of the evening dancing with a girl with the fumes of cooking oil in her hair is not my idea of romance. Sensibly, most of the food on the Le Gourmet Room menu is cold. There are two hot soups and five entrées, among them *Filet Steak Le Gourmet* (fried in butter with mushrooms, asparagus tips and Madeira wine) for 11s. There is a short wine list quite reasonably priced—a Beaujolais for 18s. and a Margaux for 19s.

Cabaret calendar

Society (REG 0665) *Lynette Rae*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Extravaganza, elaborate and colourful show with American comedians Tony & Eddy, plus the Alberto Triana Spanish dancers*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Tonny van Dommelen, conjuror*

Savoy (TEM 4343) *The Charlivelles, international entertainers*

Colony (MAY 1657) *Sandu Scott*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Albert & Les Ward top a variety bill that includes Alfrero & Assis, acrobats; Yasmin, and the Wallabies, a trampoline act*

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Joan Turner*

Winston's (REG 5411) *Edwardian Nights, reminiscent show devised by Ted Gatty, with Ann Hart and Tony Palmer*



Dorothy Wilding

Joan Regan is in cabaret at The Talk of the Town



John Baker White

Contrast of atmospheres

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Quaglino's, Bury Street, S.W.1. (WHI 6767.) This internationally famous restaurant has a new and attractive scheme of decoration, based on various shades of red. This includes the striped wallpaper, the banquettes and chairs and carpets, contrasting with the almost-white ceiling and curtains. The bar also has undergone substantial changes, about which its habitués seem to have no complaints. I liked particularly the new tables. And the food and wines? As good as ever, and for those who know “Quag’s” I need say no more—but do not expect it to be cheap. W.B.

Country Life Vegetarian Restaurant, 21 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. (CIT 6248.) Open 10.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. Run by the Vega people and consequently esteemed by vegetarians, steadily increasing in number. Main dishes vary from 2s. 9d. to 4s. 6d. The Bircher Salad at 3s. 3d., which contains fresh grapefruit, dates, shredded cabbage with cheese, grated young carrots, lettuce and cress, is one of the specialities. And they make their own yoghurt.

Cafe Le Jazzhot, 257 Fulham Road. (FLA 9449.) If you want to eat really late, or very early—it depends which way you burn the candle—this is the place for they will give you steak or chicken till 3 a.m., and charge you reasonable prices for them. It lies on the Chelsea frontier and has any amount of atmosphere, but the cooking is not sacrificed in the course of “art,” as it is in some places.

Wine note

News reaches me from Georges Bouchard of Bouchard Aîné, Ltd., that the 1961 wine prospects in France are good. At first the grapes appeared abundantly, but flowering came in a very cold period. This caused *coulure*, the falling of grapes, and a long dry period stopped the grapes from swelling in the normal way. However, the fruit proved magnifi-

cently firm and healthy, and the 1961 vintage, particularly in burgundies, is pronounced excellent. In spite of earlier reports quantity should be about average, though in some districts it will fall short. There seems little doubt that prices will be higher. At the recent sale at the Hospices de Beaune a hogshead of the famous Corton-Charlemagne burgundy fetched 9,600 New Francs, about £700. This works out at about £3 a bottle to the buyer and is an exceptional price for an exceptional wine. Normal prices for the good wines of 1961 will be about 25s. to 30s. per bottle.

The fact that the British consumption of Yugoslav wines is approaching a quarter of a million gallons a year is proof of their popularity as good value for money. At a recent tasting organized by R. & W. Teltscher Ltd., it was found that the 1958s are particularly attractive. The Lutomer Rieslings, Sylvaners and Traminers are now available.

Two useful four-page pamphlets have been issued by the Friends of Wine. They are *How to Start a Cellar*—in one's home, and *How to Run a Wine & Cheese Party*. Particularly useful to young couples just starting on the adventure of drinking and entertaining with wine, they can be had from the Friends of Wine, 1 Vintners Place, E.C.4, or from local wine merchants.

And a reminder . . .

Hyde Park Hotel, grillroom, Knightsbridge. (BEL 2000.) Fashionable, with good, traditional British cooking.

Wolfe's, 11 Abingdon Road, Kensington High Street. (WES 6868.) Now has a carefully selected cellar to help its study of clients' personal tastes.

Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street. Has a new self-service restaurant. There are fashion parades at teatime.

Bentley's, 11/15 Swallow Street. (REG 6210.) Oysters and other fish.

Vine Bar and Grill, Piccadilly Place. (REG 5789.) High quality steaks.

Room at the Top. On top of Harrison Gibson's new store at Ilford. (Ilford 5588.) Dinner, dancing and cabaret and also luncheon and table d'hôte and à la carte at **The Chariot Wheel**.

The Black Diamond, 57 Blandford Street, W.1. (HUN 0376.) Mr. Danny Morrison claims that his restaurant is the only one in London serving real Creole food. Your meal need not be expensive.

Lo Spiedo, Piccadilly Circus. (WHI 2373.) Pleasant and authentic Italian atmosphere with well-cooked Italian foods.

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, Strand. (TEM 7061.) High quality French cooking in the right

atmosphere but, rather naturally, not cheap.

The Normandie, Kingston-on-Thames. (Kingston 1001 up to 6 p.m. and 4321 after that time.) A small comfortable restaurant with first-class cooking, run by Bentalls.

Bistro Saint-Tropez, 5 Park Close, Knightsbridge (just by the Barracks). (KNI 6867.) It is what its name implies and prices are, sensibly, very reasonable.

White Tower, Percy Street, W.1. (MUS 8141.) Internationally famous for its Greek cooking. Do not miss the fish pâtés.

Plato's, 83 Wigmore Street. (WEL 7867.) Good and inexpensive Greek cooking.

La Reserve, 37 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 5556.) Now run by Mr. Louis Freeman. Expensive, but of outstanding quality.

Coq d'Or, Stratton Street, Piccadilly. (MAY 7807.) Celebrated its jubilee this winter. Expensive but good, with an outstanding wine list.

Ronald Chapman



GOING PLACES FOR CHEMMY: An attraction at Crockfords now. Croupier is Simon Lucchini from Le Touquet. GOING PLACES DOWN-RIVER: Agreeable port of call is the Yacht (left) in Crane Street, Greenwich. Mine host is Major Martin O'Geary, attractions include a snack bar with sandwiches that are specialties of the house, and a riverside terrace. Expect to meet a maritime clientele



PORTRAIT OF A BALLERINA



Nadia Nerina, born in Cape Town, joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in 1948. She later moved to the Royal Ballet and was made a ballerina in 1953. The second dancer to appear as a guest artist in Moscow, she is noted for her brilliant technique, exemplified in the *Don Quixote pas de deux* and in *La Fille Mal Gardée*. She will appear in the traditional performances of *Cinderella* this month and also in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Rehearsal pictures by Michael Peto. Next week: Antoinette Sibley

Nadia Nerina



Doone Beal

Split-level Brussels

THERE COULD HAVE BEEN NO POSSIBLE DOUBT THAT ONE WAS ACROSS THE Channel. *Elle doit être une étrangère* hissed the Belgian woman to her companion as I tentatively opened a window in the somewhat overheated train that speeds from Ostend to Brussels. To most Belgians, open windows are correlated with instant pneumonia. But I must keep my eccentric passion for fresh air to myself, for I have no other quibble with Belgian railway trains (they run almost like buses to and from all parts of the country), nor with their stations: Brussels North even has a hairdresser's, not to mention about six different cafés, restaurants and snack bars. All of which is a key to Belgium: it is essentially comfortable, easy to get about in and well organized. Weatherwise, one expects absolutely nothing of Brussels. The things it has to offer—notably its superb food, some amusing night life, and its art treasures—are unaffected by season or climate. It joins the ranks of Paris (than which it is less expensive) and Amsterdam in being an admirable bet for a long week-end. It's the place to go for a change of scene and flavour if you've abandoned the idea of going either high enough or far enough away to get at a true winter resort.

In the best Brussels restaurants they give you a small sliver of pâté, called an *amuse bouche*, to toy with while you wait for your order. The Belgians would seem to attach even more importance to the ceremony of good food than do the French. They settle down to the



A panoramic view of the contrasts of Brussels; old houses in the lower section and the new Gare Centrale. Right: the Grand' Place



business of ordering lunch at 12.30 and emerge to continue the business of the day around three. All the shops stay open until seven, but not, alas, the galleries, churches and museums, which close in winter at four. So from the visitors' viewpoint a choice has to be made between art and gastronomy.

The top restaurants are not cheap (up to £3 a head, including wine), but on the other hand I have rarely eaten better. The cuisine is French, of course, but it is applied to a more interesting variety of food. This time of year, *rable de lièvre* (a very distant relation of jugged hare) is one of the dishes; so is *chevreuil* cooked in Chambertin; and *marcassin* (baby wild boar); oysters poached with champagne and a peerless *sauce mousseline*, and interesting side tracks such as smoked salmon baked in a *feuilleté* of pastry, or kidneys done with juniper berries and *flambé* in gin. In fairness, one might expect to find any of these to be the speciality of one restaurant in Paris, but you can pick from the lot in Brussels' gastronomic temples of which there are, in any case, far fewer. In the old, the lower, part of the city are concentrated four of the best: *Epaule de Mouton* and *Filet de Boeuf*, in a narrow side street leading off Grand' Place; and in the Place itself, the two nicest (in my opinion): *Le Cygne* and *La Couronne*, facing each other but both so quietly buried in the façade of the 15th-century buildings that one would hardly even know them to be restaurants. *Le Cygne* is the larger of the two; voluptuously comfortable, with open fires and an open grill. The *Couronne* is smaller and more intimate, decorated with Flemish antiques.

The best hotel is the new *Amigo*, just behind the Town Hall. The *Metropole*, immense, gilded and old-fashioned, is right on Bld. Adolph Max, and in its lobby around half-past-five you can see local society sipping its coffee and vermouth to the strains of a Palm Court orchestra. It pays, by the way, to make friends with the hall porter: Brussels is a tremendously music-conscious city, and tickets for the excellent *Beaux-Arts* concerts are hotly competitive. I found the three and a half hour

boat crossing agreeable (£10 8s. return, London to Brussels). Tourist return by air, B.E.A. and Sabena, costs £16 15s.

Brussels is a split-level city in both senses of the word. Its magnificent Town Hall in the Grand' Place, the guild houses hung with golden insignia of bakers, brewers, cabinet makers, boatmen and tailors, proclaim it as essentially a burgher's city. Cars rumble over the cobbled streets, and in the evening people crowd the pavements of the Boulevard Adolph Max, they jostle at open stalls selling *frites* (part of the national diet at all levels) and hot, vanilla-scented pralines. A loudspeaker playing popular music competes with a Salvation Army lady, seated before an electric piano in an arcade, and over it all is a coruscating explosion of lights.

Quite different from all this is the modern, upper city, with new broad boulevards, discreet, expensive shops, and yet more hotels and restaurants; the Brussels Grill in Avenue Louise which has excellent food and a pianist playing in the bar; The Savoy and the Carlton, both in Boulevard Waterloo; both have pleasant bars, and at the Carlton one can also dance. The most amusing place of all to dance is the Scotch Club, in the Galerie Louise; music from a gramophone, a dance-floor exactly the right size, comfortable sofas to sit on, gay people. So far as Belgians are concerned, it is as strictly a club as the Four Hundred, but it usually welcomes visitors. A word about clubs in general; not even the Exhibition in 1958 managed to shift the licensing laws that prohibit the sale of spirits in public restaurants, which has resulted in scores of drinking clubs of which, technically, one must be a member. At the very worst you'll be asked to pay a nominal fee. Especially worth the trouble, fee or no fee, is *Le Cerf*, a delightful old house which, by the way, is almost a museum of Flemish furniture and glass, on the Grand' Place. Nearby is the *Café de la Grand' Place*, which is absolutely Breughelian. Two more that are full of flavour are *Bon Vieux Temps* and *l'Image de Notre Dame*.

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SHIPBOARD PARTY



The tombola draw attracted guests to the first class lounge of the cruise liner Reina del Mar moored in Liverpool's Canada Dock. The shipboard party was organized by the Countess of Sefton and her committee to help the funds of the Liverpool Appeal for the Edwina Mountbatten Trust. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill on page 16. Muriel Bowen's weekly column begins overleaf



*Mr. David Walker-Heneage and
Miss Prue Glynn outside his house*

THE ROARING '20s

Photographs: A. V. Swaabe

Flapperdom and the hectic joys of the cocktail age were re-created at the party given by Mr. David Walker-Heneage at his home in the Boltons



*Mr. John Glynn &
Miss Vivienne Burness*

MURIEL BOWEN'S COLUMN

IT WAS APPROPRIATE THAT THE CONFERRING OF THE Freedom of the City of London on Mr. Macmillan should have taken place during the festive season. It was a jolly occasion, and fairy lights and Christmas trees added to the good cheer. There is an imperial and old-fashioned grandeur about the City on occasions such as this. The **Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan** rode in a landau (lent by the Queen) through the City's streets to Guildhall. People out to lunch were surprised by the diversion of traffic. Then as the horses clip-clopped out of the fog a newsboy called out: "Why it's Mac himself!" At Guildhall the thing that seemed to move the Prime Minister most of all was the Guard of Honour of the Grenadier Guards, his old regiment. He spent what seemed a long time inspecting them and didn't miss a single man. Then a welcome from the Lord Mayor, **Sir Frederick Hoare, & Lady Hoare** watched by a gaggle of Macmillan relatives and friends. There was **Mr. Maurice Macmillan, M.P., & the Hon. Mrs. Macmillan** and their son, Alexander, **Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Macmillan, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. & Mrs. Julian Faber, and the Earl of Woolton.**

There were probably more important things for City men to do but many of them were glad to abandon their desks, and come to Guildhall lending grist to the City's majestic mill. The company included: **the Earl of Cromer**, Governor of the Bank, & **the Countess of Cromer**, **Mr. G. Ewart Thomson** who is chairman of Lloyd's, **Mr. & Mrs. Cyril Warwick**, **Viscount & Viscountess Simon** and many, many

more. There was the speech, inevitable on such occasions. Said Mr. Macmillan: "Everywhere I go in the country I see an immense vitality of youth in the theatre, music, sport, and outdoor recreations of every kind." He saw too: "The beginnings of a spiritual and religious revival." Then came one delicious drollery. He saw as the only advocates of the class war left: "a few eccentrics who have had the advantage of an advanced university education." The City men fairly shook with laughter, and a moment later **Mr. A. L. P. Norrington**, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, joined in too. From Guildhall everybody processed to the Mansion House where Lady Hoare restored the inner man with turtle soup, turkey stuffed with chestnuts, mince pies, and Stilton cheese.

SIR FREDERICK'S PLANS

At the Foreign Office they were saying good-bye last week to **Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar**, the Permanent Under-Secretary. His colleagues were sad about his going but Sir Frederick was very cheerful. Plans? He would seem to be leaving them behind. "I suppose most of all I am looking forward to doing nothing," he told me. That's something the Foreign Office has never allowed him to do. He sounded excited. But I gathered that **Lady Hoyer Millar** has more or less talked him into going to America in the spring. From there they hope to go to Brazil. Their son Robin is out there with Schrodgers, the merchant

*Miss Sally Ford and Miss Patricia Roberts**Miss Helen Strong and Capt. Leonard Plugge*

bankers. The Allied Circle, which owns a fine house in Mayfair, gave a reception for Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer Millar just prior to his retirement (*see pictures on page 21*). A great bevy of ambassadors who came included the German Ambassador (he hurried back from Germany on Christmas Eve to spend his first Christmas in England), and **Frau von Etzdorf**, the Netherlands Ambassador & **Baroness Bentinck**, and the Spanish Ambassador & the **Marquésa de Santa Cruz**. It was a party that people were not going to miss. Some of them even came laden with their Christmas shopping. **Lord & Lady Dudley Gordon** welcomed among others **Lady Crosfield**, **Mr. Douglas & the Hon. Mrs. Woodruff**, the **Earl & Countess of Listowel**, and the **Earl of Longford**. Sir Frederick, on whom the Queen has recently conferred a barony, and his wife hope to divide their time between their new flat in Eaton Place and their place in Perthshire, where foreign diplomats have shot grouse with mixed success.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON

From **Lady Tweedsmuir**, M.P., returned from America, I've been hearing of her visit to the White House just before Christmas. It was part of a day's outing to Washington for women delegates at the United Nations. There are now 49 women delegates there and this is something that President Kennedy's shrewd public relations people haven't missed. At the White House the delegates were greeted by the President, and one of the first things he showed them

was his desk, which is made from the timbers of a British frigate. Lady Tweedsmuir also told me about the reception rooms which have been largely refurnished by Mrs. Kennedy. "She's done a most able job. I was very impressed indeed," she added. Mrs. **Dean Rusk** invited the delegates to lunch at the fine new State Department, and later in the day the entertaining was taken over by Mrs. **Lyndon Johnson**, wife of the Vice-President, at Les Ormes. This is the big French château-type of house on the outskirts of Washington which the Johnsons recently purchased. It was built a couple of years ago by Mrs. **Perle (Call Me Madam) Mesta**. "A fascinating day, I certainly enjoyed it," was Lady Tweedsmuir's summing up. My own view is that it will provide a more sought-after speech when the delegates return home, than the more fateful activities of the U.N.

BACK TO THE 'TWENTIES

Candles flickered showing up ropes of necklaces when Mr. David Walker-Heneage gave a **Roaring Twenties** party at his new home, Killochran House, the Boltons. Outside, the fine white corner house was bathed in rose floodlighting. Chinese lanterns glinted on trees lightly touched with frost. Mr. Walker-Heneage, who happens to like giving parties, was managing the whole thing in a way that was the envy of the less party-minded male guests. He had prolonged the party long enough so that it was a house-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Passengers on the Reina del Mar can usually expect a full quota of sunshine—she sails on tropic routes—but thick fog shrouded the white-painted liner in dock at Liverpool when guests arrived for a . . .



The Earl of Sefton, a trustee of the Liverpool Appeal

SHIPBOARD PARTY

Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



The Countess of Sefton, chairman of the party

Guests climb the fog-shrouded gangway

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bowes and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gawne (he is a director of the P.S.N.C., owners of the Reina del Mar) at the horse racing booth.



Miss Alison Robertson



Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Binnie



The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman Peter McKernan, and the Lady Mayoress, Miss Mary McKernan, won a bottle of champagne. With them, on left, Councillor Mrs. Edna Fletcher



Mrs. James Kentish-Barnes (wife of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce chairman) and Miss Jill Adams who were running the tombola

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

warming-cum-farewell. A couple of days later he was off to India; where he was spending Christmas and New Year with friends in Calcutta, then on to spots cast to stay with more friends, and home with a stopover in Cyprus. "I thought a fancy dress party would be less staid than the usual housewarming," Mr. Walker-Heneage, in the dinner jacket he's had since the '20s, told me (*see pictures on page 14*). "But as some people loathe fancy dress I decided to make it Roaring Twenties instead. You'd be surprised, but an awful lot of men are still wearing the suits they bought in the 'twenties." That would certainly seem to be so if Mr. Walker-Heneage's party is anything to go by; most of the men were in sombre attire with a vintage cut. Joining in the festivities were Mr. Bruce Clark, Miss Yvonne Cheesman, Col. G. Mellor, Miss Rusheen Preston (in wedding gown with head-dress a foot high), and Mr. John Glyn. Miss Sally Ford, who has been spending Christmas and New Year in Northern Ireland, came in a wonderfully vibrant and pretty dress of bright tangerine chiffon, the top criss-crossed with gold thread.

ROUGH WEATHER FOR GUNS

In Flintshire Col. & Mrs. Ralph Davies-Cooke invited friends to join them at Gwysaney for two days of shooting prior to the holidays. They have a beautifully kept shoot and as they provide an outing that is always enjoyable, their invitations are greatly relished. Lt.-Gen. Sir William Stirling, who is Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War, was up from London. Brigadier Anthony Pepys, Colonel of the Royals and stalwart of the British Fields Sports Society, brought his new bride, Lady Rachel. Col. Dick Poole was up from Wantage, and others included Brigadier Hugh Mainwaring, Brig. the Hon. Christopher Beckett who is stationed at Chester, Capt. & Mrs. Peter Davies-Cooke, and Capt. & Mrs. William Warde Norbury. Like every other place the wild birds have not been too numerous in North Wales. Nevertheless it has been on the whole, a good season. Certainly the guns seem to have enjoyed themselves and talk of having had plenty of fun. The bag for the first day of Col. & Mrs. Davies-Cooke's shoot was 69; and for the second, 79. Two good days in pretty foul weather.

DATES FOR DANCES

Over 100 private dances have already been arranged for the coming 12 months. Some dates, unfortunately, will clash; this is now inevitable with the number of private dances increasing at the rate of over 50 a year for the past three years. We shall be publishing a list of these dances early in February. And since private dances are no longer just given for girls coming out, but increasingly to celebrate a coming-of-age, a wedding anniversary, or some other family celebration, our list will be more comprehensive than in previous years. Details should reach us by post within the next fortnight for inclusion in the list. In addition to the dance list there will be another of cocktail parties to be given for girls coming out which will appear at the same time. This will be accompanied by pictures of some of the girls.

THE GWYSANEY SHOOT

Colonel & Mrs. P. R. Davies-Cooke were hosts at a two-day shoot at their home Gwysaney Hall at Mold in Flint

Col. P. R. Davies-Cooke, the host, and his son-in-law, Capt. W. G. Warde Norbury

Mrs. Peter Davies-Cooke, the host's daughter-in-law, & Maj. Frederick Hayes



The hostess, Mrs. Ralph Davies-Cooke with her retriever, Silky. She breeds and trains her own gundogs

Photographs: Van Hallan

*Brig. Anthony Pepys and
Brig. C. J. Beckett*



*Lt.-Gen. Sir William Stirling in action.
Watching, Mrs. Peter Davies-Cooke.
Below: Brig. Pepys, Col. Davies-Cooke
and Col. R. Poole*



Part of the day's bag; a tale of accurate shooting

A ROYAL WEEKEND



Jack Esten

*Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the Church of St. Giles
at Shipbourne in Kent, when spending a recent weekend with her
trainer Major Peter Cazalet and his wife. They are seen with her here*

RECEPTION WITH DIPLOMATS

The Allied Circle gave a reception in honour of Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, the retiring Permanent Under Secretary, Foreign Office, and Lady Hoyer Millar. Sir Frederick is seen below with the Danish Ambassador, Mons. Nils Svenningsen

Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



Lady Hoyer Millar



Mme. Jacques de Thier, wife of the Belgian Ambassador. Right: Mrs. McNeil Robertson, founder of the Allied Circle, and M. André Clasen, the Luxembourg Ambassador



Herr Dr. Hasso von Eitzdorf, the German Ambassador; on the right, Lady Crossfield



Miss Janette Huck and Mr. Feridun Erkin, the Turkish Ambassador



COCKTAILS WITH THE H.A.C.

The Colonel Commanding and officers of the Honourable Artillery Company gave a cocktail party at Armoury House, their headquarters

Photographs: A. V. Swaebe



Col. & Mrs. J. M. Austin-Smith (he is C.O. of the H.A.C.) who received the guests, with Major P. Doyle. Left: Sir Frederick & Lady Hoare arrive



Left: Brig. A. D. McKechnie, Maj. F. A. Collins and Maj. L. S. W. Cranfield

Right: Brig. R. H. Keenlyside, Brig. & Mrs. J. F. C. Mellor & Miss J. Keenlyside

Mrs. Norman Young and Major Brian Madden, M.O. first regiment H.A.C.



Odd Lots

Some reflections on public auctions at private houses by Mark Bence-Jones

COUNTRY HOUSE AUCTIONS ARE ALWAYS REWARDING; not only if you collect things, but also if you collect people. The people at one of these auctions are as varied as the contents of the house. First there is the DEALER. You can tell a dealer from one end of the Long Gallery to the other; whether he is the shabbily dressed owner of a second-hand shop in the local town or a smart young man in an O.E. tie who has come down from a Bond Street gallery. The reason for this is that apart from the auctioneer and his minions, the dealers are the only people in the house who are working. Quite the opposite are the SPECTATORS, who have come with no intention of buying anything at all. They range from village boys to county neighbours and can easily be recognized because they take up more room than anybody else and they make more noise. The village boys run in and out of doorways between the legs of people who are trying to make serious bids, the county neighbours stand in immovable knots, posteriors out, making it difficult for anybody to see the auctioneer. Often they bring food and cherry brandy with them which makes them as impenetrable as a cocktail party crowd. Their womenfolk carry shooting sticks or folding stools which they use not for sitting on but as weapons; one always expects one of them to throw hers at the auctioneer in the manner of Jenny Geddes. The spectators have come to see the inside of a house to which they have never been invited. Or if they are already familiar with the house, they want to satisfy their curiosity about certain objects. Is that bust in the hall marble or plaster? They have wondered for years, now at last they can find out. They are also able to show off to their less fortunate friends how well they know the house. "Ha, ha, d'you see that chair? I remember it collapsed once when the Prime Minister sat on it. Most undignified, luckily there were only a few of us there, just a very small party."

The CHINA CRAWLERS are women. Like the spectators, they are usually county neighbours; but they have much kinder faces. They are grey-haired and wear tweeds. They stand near the table on which

the china and glass is arranged, talking to each other in whispers for fear that if they mention anything they want in a normal voice it will be pounced upon by a dealer. By the end of the day they will have bought one cracked soup tureen for fifteen shillings; or, if they are feeling extravagant, a set of fire-irons. I remember meeting one such woman at the end of a particularly long sale in a very large house. She was exhausted but satisfied, having bought six champagne glasses which she was carrying between her fingers. I met her a couple of weeks later and asked after the champagne glasses and she said: "They're *most* useful. We had champagne to-night."

The FLAT FURNISHERS are also grey-haired women, only they look much more determined than the China Crawlers and instead of tweed skirts they wear plum-coloured corduroy trousers. They come from London, where they make a living doing up flats for other people. They might almost count as professionals like the dealers, but in fact they are not; their flat furnishing is only a sideline and for many of them there is no distinction between the flats they let and the flats they live in themselves. They tend to go for the contents of the bedrooms; they provide an insatiable demand for washstands, which they convert into chi-chi dressing tables. But they always have an open mind, buying anything that seems cheap. If it doesn't fit into Stanhope Mews, it will always do for Evelyn Gardens.

At an auction in Cumberland you are sure to meet a dilettantish friend who lives in Cornwall. He is THE CHASER OF THE RARE EXOTIC. "Sonia Spurgeon tells me there's *the* most heavenly commode here," he says. "It's lined with cut velvet, can you imagine! And it has a Crown Derby pan. I simply *must* have it. But I wonder where it is?" And he scuttles anxiously from room to room, lifting the lid of every wine cooler, cabinet gramophone, work-table and rug chest in the house.

The JUNK COLLECTOR is elderly; his suit is cut on old-fashioned lines and he usually wears a stiff collar and boots. He comes from not too far away and with a completely open mind; he will buy anything



Timothy Birdsall

“The people are as varied as the contents of the house”

that is out of the ordinary, particularly if it is vaguely mechanical. He will always snap up the barograph in the hall, even though it doesn't work and he has eight already. He will buy a chronometer, an astrolabe or a medical coil. If there is a sextant in the house he will buy it, though he has no ship; I know one such man who, while never having flown in his life, and with no intention of ever flying, bought an altimeter. Another Junk Collector, who lived miles inland, proudly showed his latest purchase to a friend. It was a full-sized anchor. The friend, who had similar tastes, looked at it admiringly, fondled the crown, stock or whatever the various parts of an anchor are called, and said: “You never get workmanship like that these days.”

A rather younger elderly man is the LIBRARY LIZARD. His clothes are more up to date than those of the Junk Collector; probably a plus-four suit of 1930 style. He smokes a pipe and might be a retired don or schoolmaster. He is the male version of the China Crawler and his outlay is as small; he bids up to a couple of pounds for a bundle of books, one of which he wants. That one goes into his bookcase; the others, which are usually Army Lists and incomplete sets of Hansard, gradually pile up on his attic stairs ready for when he dies, when they will be used to make up fresh lots of books to be sold by auction to more Library Lizards. One such man I know was surprised to see, among the dusty book-buying crowd, a pretty girl. She bid for almost every lot but was each time beaten by about five shillings. My friend is a romantic. “Poor girl,” he thought. “She probably lives in poverty with a widowed mother. She must have looked forward to this auction for weeks, her heart was set on buying a few books, any books would do. But each lot has gone for just a trifle more than the meagre sum which is all she can afford.” When the lot in which my friend was interested came up, the girl duly bid for it; and my friend, feeling like a cad, duly beat her by five shillings. Then he got an idea. He went up to her and said: “Madam, I noticed you bid for this lot of books which I have bought. I only want one of them, would

you do me the honour of accepting these others as a present from me, so that you won't have to go away empty handed?” And he gave her the Hansards and Army Lists. She thanked him sweetly and he asked her name. When she told him, he wished the ground would swallow him up; for it was one of those names that are synonymous with money, like Rothschild or Vanderbilt.

Actually, this young woman and her husband represent yet another type of auction goer, THE RICH WHO ARE NOT SO RICH; people of fairly large means but who are furnishing a large house. They go to auctions all over the country, but never go above a certain amount, because they have so much to buy. The young woman I have mentioned was buying books in bulk to fill the shelves of her library, which is some fifty feet long; if she had gone five shillings higher on each lot, it would have been uneconomic. No wonder she was genuinely grateful for the Hansards.

Finally, there are THE PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT THERE. Their presence is felt, however, for they bid by proxy. They remember something in the house which they want and tell a friend to go up to five pounds for it. A dear friend once asked if we would bid for a picture which he wanted at a house called Waterloo. The picture, he said, was of the Battle of Waterloo; what nicer than to own a picture of the Battle of Waterloo which had belonged to the house of the same name? We duly bought him the picture; it was an immense engraving and had with it a separately framed key, itself of no mean size, which told you who the various jackbooted figures were. The picture had to be tied to the roof of our small two-seater; it overhung so far as to be a menace to traffic. But we got it safely to our friend's house with the glass unbroken. Alas, it was too big for the space on his wall; so he gave it to us as a present and himself kept the key, which fitted nicely. Having hung this memento of Waterloo he never looked at it again; which was just as well, for when we got the main picture home and examined it closely, it turned out to be a picture of the Battle of Sebastopol.



International society turned out in full glitter with an estimated £500,000



The Koessler twins, German-born Alice and Hélène. Ex-Bluebell girls, they were in last year's Lido cabaret. This year they watched, but spent some time backstage



Bettina was there with Com Lorenzo Attolico. Left: Pearl draped Hollywood comedienne Shirley MacLaine with Italy Anna Magnani

The Duke of Windsor was at a stage-side table. Behind him, veteran French film star Jean Gabin



FIRST NIGHT



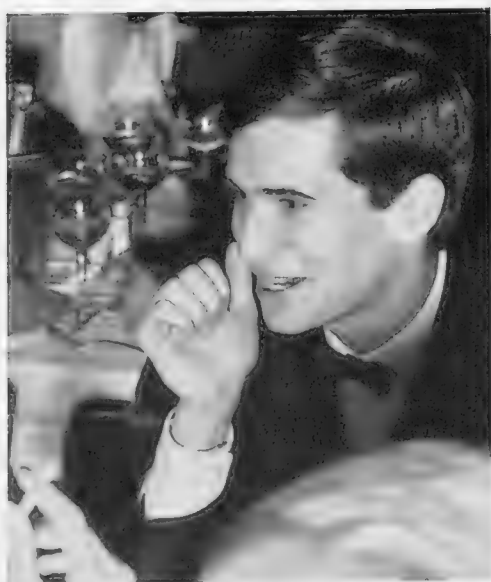
h of furs in the audience to watch cabaret by the British Bluebell Girls

AT THE PARIS

LIDO



The rarely-seen smile of Yves St. Laurent who opens his own couture house this month. With him, mannequin Victoire. Left: Sophia Loren



American actor Tony Perkins, off the set but in front of the camera. Below: The Duke of Bedford pours champagne for his table guest. On his right the French-born Duchess



Left: Greek actress Melina Mercouri seated (right) with a friend at the Lido opening

Below: High spot of the Lido show was a court ball scene in the Versailles Hall of Mirrors danced by Les Bluebell



NEW

DESIGN

FOR 1962

Presenting a gallery of people whose creative talents are likely to influence future backgrounds to living. Jane Bown photographed nine young textile designers taking new steps for the New Year. Joyce Snelling supplied the text



GEORGE ZISSIMEDES, 29, comes from Limassol in Cyprus but received all his training in Britain—at Plymouth College of Art and the Royal College of Art. He arrived in Britain in 1946 with three brothers and an uncle—the brothers are now all restaurateurs in Plymouth, the uncle owns the White Tower in Percy Street. On completion of art training in 1956 he joined the carpet firm of Quayle & Tranter as staff designer for two years before becoming a freelance. Zissimedes designs for furnishings, carpets, wallpapers, plastics and hard surfaces, has sold furnishing designs to Heals, Libertys, Tootal and Hull Stafford among others—dress designs to Heathcoats. Latest project is a new collection of designs with an exotic, Eastern flavour. Hobbies: collecting Royal Doulton, cooking. Ambition: to go on painting and designing



IT all began—like a good many other things—with the 1951 Festival of Britain when the exhibits on the South Bank revealed the wealth of creative talent and new ideas available among young and unknown designers. Until then too many manufacturers had been content to reproduce over and over again the traditional designs of recognized artists while ignoring the merits of younger men and women. The change that began on the South Bank has gathered momentum in the last decade until in 1961 Britain's top-selling designs in textiles for the home have come in a large degree from the 23 to 29 age group including student designers.

One firm, whose steady encouragement of the young creative artist has helped to make cotton today's most fashionable fabric, bought nearly 70 per cent of its designs from the under-30s last year. The designers themselves have been quick to sense and exploit the current British taste for boldness and colour. Many of them are essentially painters whose abstract patterns in furnishing fabrics provide dramatic backgrounds to modern interior décor. There is a strong urge to experiment—supported in many cases by manufacturers who have adapted their industrial techniques to reproduce the subtle textures of the artists' work in their fabrics. Parallel with and complementary to this trend, the development of scores of new fabrics and textures has created more opportunities for original design.

The importance of the designer's role in producing fabrics that will capture the attention of buyers in both home and export markets is now widely acknowledged by important groups like the Cotton Board who have already instituted overseas travel scholarships for textile designers. Manufacturers, too, keep in close touch with design students. Their buyers are frequent visitors to the principal schools of art, particularly, in London, the Royal College of Art and the Central School of Arts and Crafts. Both these schools, which together graduate about 20 textile designers every year, have recently moved into large modern buildings, where students work in a competitive atmosphere.

Fewer designs are being specifically commissioned and the manufacturers comment: "We prefer young designers to develop their own style and personality." In this way, Britain's textile industry, with nearly three centuries of tradition behind it, is being vigorously infused with new ideas, young talent and advanced techniques.



JANE DANIELS, 26 (*left*), comes from Newcastle, produced her first successful furnishing design, Sargasso, while still a student at the University of Durham—it was introduced by Heals in 1957. Graduating with a B.A. (Hons.) degree she began freelance work with designs based on plant form and growth, varying from freely drawn flowers to complete abstracts. Her furnishing, dress, fabric, rug, carpet and lino designs have all sold widely and she has also tried her hand at table-mats and pottery, rubber soles for shoes and a range of plastic designs. She spends every winter abroad, hopes this year to visit Mexico or Australia "to find out why our furnishing exports are dropping there." She passes the autumn in London, teaching one day a week at Chelsea School of Art, paints all summer at a thatched cottage in Berkshire. Hobbies: shooting, riding, cooking, gardening, dressmaking, even tractor driving. Ambition: to settle down and paint, especially murals, eventually to marry.

ESTA CHADWICK, 23, daughter of architect and interior designer Hulme Chadwick, studied painting at Kingston School of Art and completed a textile design course at the Royal College of Art last July. At 17 she spent a summer vacation working in a Stockholm design studio under Astrid Sampe learning weaving and colour appreciation. A second trip was to Finland where she worked in the Helsinki factory of dress fabric manufacturer Armi Ratia and also designed rugs. She worked while still a student in Libertys design studio and at the Edinburgh Weavers factory in Carlisle where she set up looms. In spring 1961 the Royal College sent her to Paris to study the collections. She now has a full-time appointment as assistant to interior designer Roger Nicholson, is also working on a collection of designs for textiles, rugs, carpets and wallpapers. Hobbies: dressmaking and jazz. Ambition, success as a painter, she has already twice exhibited at the R.B.A. Gallery and sold several paintings privately.

BRIAN KNIGHT, 28, a Londoner, is one of the most talented of the new wave. In 1955 the Royal Society of Arts awarded him a six-week travelling bursary to Italy, in 1960 he won the Shand Kydd (wallpaper) "Air ticket to Rome" as best all-rounder at the Royal College of Art, and on 22 January he will receive a joint first prize of £250 awarded by Carpet Trades Ltd. for his entry in an international carpet design competition. Essentially a graphic artist—and a classicist—Knight likes to use drawings of vessels and sailing craft in his work, result of much time spent sketching along the Thames. He combines freelance practice with teaching—design at Maidstone College of Art and rug weaving at Hammersmith College where he once trained. He has sold furnishing, rug and wallpaper designs to most of the leading manufacturers and helped Humphrey Spender with murals and a screen on the Canberra. Hobbies: classical music, junk collecting. Ambition: to become a successful painter



STEWART BLACK, 23, is a Scot from Paisley who spent four years at school in Sao Paulo, Brazil, where his father is with J. & P. Coats. In consequence a strong Latin-American influence invests his rich and elaborate designs. A romanticist, he uses the medallion motif frequently, often manages to work his initials into his prints, prefers close-toned colours. Black trained for four years in textile design at Glasgow School of Art, came to London nine months ago and immediately sold his first collection to Libertys and Hull Stafford for whom he is still designing—he has also sold ceramics to Libertys. He designs for furnishing and dress, also for wallpapers and hard surfaces; has helped Martin Battersby to build props and paint sets at Covent Garden. Latest project is a large collection of illustrations for poems and stories. Hobbies: collecting carved wood and bric-a-brac and browsing up and down the Portobello Road to find them. Ambition: to travel widely while designing



PETER HALL, 23, lives with his parents at Harrow, is still a student at the Royal College of Art, but last year won a Cotton Board £100 prize for his Tambour design which has now been printed by Heals. Hall was chosen Royal Scholar at the Royal College of Art for an outstanding first year's work and is now building up a collection of designs for his diploma show. He plans to design for textiles, dress, wallpapers, carpets and plastic when he leaves this summer, has already sold furnishing designs to Heals and Terence Conran. Other activities include work with Humphrey Spender on the Canberra theatre design; his design for the Canberra cinema screen was chosen by Sir Hugh Casson. Hall strives for simplicity and harmony in his work, is a modern and admires Scandinavian design and the American school of painting, likes silhouette form, keeps to close, cool colours, has sold etchings and paintings privately. Hobbies: golf, football, playing the drums in a jazz band. Ambition: to become an interior designer



BARBARA BROWN, 29 (below), was born in Manchester and trained at Canterbury College of Art and the Royal College of Art, leaving in 1956 with a First Class diploma. She now combines practice with teaching three days a week at the Medway College of Art in Rochester. She designs mainly for large printed furnishings, has sold successfully to Heals, likes to use plant forms in furnishing designs and broad tonal effects in designs of immense scale, dark colours preferred (at the moment purple). She spends a great deal of time painting (abstract), has done a mural for Sir Hugh Casson and illustrated children's books. Most of her work has an architectural theme. Hobbies: classical music, ballet, travel, photography, motor-racing. Ambition: to stage a one-man show of about 100 works next year





ROBERT TIERNEY, 25, started out as a concert pianist, but decided instead to paint under the tuition of Alan Reynolds. His work—mainly figures and landscapes—is in many private collections including that of Sir David Eccles. Tierney began his career in textiles by designing scarves for Ascher, is now selling to leading firms in Paris, Sweden and New York. Clients in this country include Danasco, Sanderson, Heals, Libertys, Edinburgh Weavers and Cavendish Textiles among many others. His wallpaper designs have been bought by Palladio, Sanderson and John Line. His wife, Patti (*below, left*), studied science before becoming a designer and her first job was also with Ascher; she designed in their studios for two years before freelancing. She has sold fabric designs to Libertys and Danasco who have the copyright of the fabric design she is holding. Dior and other fashion houses used her designs for fine fabrics in their collections two years ago, and Patti Tierney is now working on a range of abstract designs. The Tierneys like to spend long periods in Paris; they go there whenever they can. They live now in a small St. John's Wood flat, plan to move into a larger one with a studio next month.



Lord Kilbracken

Looking back on 100,000 words

I'VE KNOCKED UP A LITERARY CENTURY: THIS IS MY one hundredth article to appear in *The Tatler*. It's 28 months since the editor in a reckless moment first invited me to contribute. He asked me—by phone to Killegar, one fine morning in harvest-time—if I'd like to let him know in 1,000 words what I thought of English prep-schools. I replied without hesitation that I could let him know in *two* words, and did so. Well, said the Editor, a little taken aback, that would be a start; but could I perhaps add another 998? I said I thought it possible, and the result was published later, just as the winter term was beginning.

The editor must have liked my work because he asked me to have lunch with him when I was in London that December, on my way to Monte Carlo, to discuss doing more for him. So many possible topics occurred to us between the Martinis and the Camembert that I tentatively suggested, when the brandies were at work, that I should let him have a regular article—say, once a fortnight. To this, most agreeably, he agreed, and I departed happily for the Midi.

My first article, appropriately, was on Monte; I love Monte Carlo, as I tried to indicate, even though it may be in rather the same way as I might love an antique and crinolined dowager, who is marvellously quaint and still perfectly Victorian, but who gives me unexpectedly generous tips from time to time, if only in the form of sunshine. (Those in the form of winnings she usually takes back again.) Three more fortnightly pieces followed, and I would then be in the States after a brief visit to Kitzbühel. Any amount of material should be coming my way, so we forthwith went over to a weekly basis. And that's how it's been ever since.

I suppose it must seem to many readers (who however have never tried it) that it would amount to an

admission of literary sterility if I found it the least bit difficult to turn out 1,000 words of not-less-than-average prose on the dot every Wednesday. They would be mistaken; or rather, they would be mistaken more often than not. The only suitable image I could employ to explain this would probably be unprintable, though it is common for a writer or painter to compare his work with a love affair. More often than not, anyway, I find my stint pleasurable, which is just as it should be; sometimes it's just a duty, manfully performed. But there *are* weeks, let's face it, when it has only been by a supreme effort of will, intellectual and physical, that the duty has been performed, in the face of cataclysms, natural inertia, heatwaves, hangovers, and other distracting influences which I will not here specify.

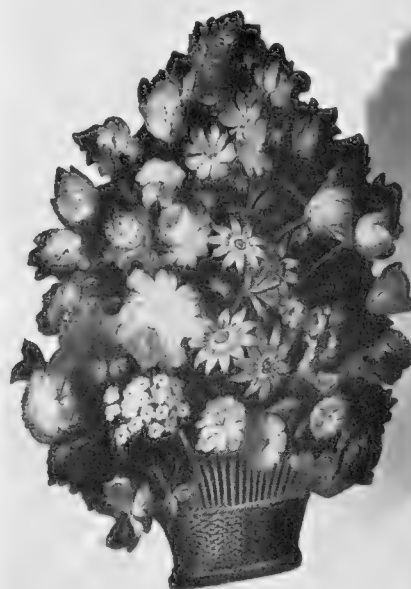
In many ways, of course, this has been of great benefit to me. Regularity has much to recommend it, and so has self-discipline; the philanderer's lot, in general, is no more a happy one than the policeman's. And for 51 consecutive weeks I faithfully performed my task, despite such counter-attractions as Cortina, the harvest, hay-making, Miranda, the House of Lords, cream cheese, Paris, Josephine, the Horse Show and so forth. For 40 of them I was at Killegar, for six in America, and the remaining five weeks were somehow distributed between England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy. It was Italy that caused the ending of my uninterrupted flow. Having fallen down a Dolomite, I returned to Killegar with a leg in plaster. This handicap in itself might not have totally inhibited me, but I at once came down with the severest bout of flu it has ever been my misfortune to experience. This, taken in conjunction with my plastered leg, finally did it. I laboured for three weeks in that extreme suicidal condition which even *two*-legged flu engenders, during which time I could not have composed an intelligible penny postcard. My metaphorical bride, luckily, accepted the situation, and did not instantly sue for restitution of marital rights.

As soon as I was again able to waggle a toe, however, we started off once more, and another 44 weeks have somehow gone by since then without a break in the sequence. After nine of them, at the beginning of May, I moved my centre of gravity from Killegar to England; I often flew back to Ireland, for an aggregate of perhaps six weeks, but the rest of the time I was solidly in London (except for one weekend in Paris and one weekend in Stratford) till the middle of last month. I had occasional bouts of promiscuity—literarily, I mean; *not* literally—but was faithful in my fashion (on Wednesdays, anyway).

Now, *pro tempore*, I'm back at Killegar. My plans for the future have become nebulous now that Polygon Mews has gone, and my whole centre of gravity is suddenly indeterminate. Perhaps, with my century behind me, I should start hitting out—if I may now change my metaphor—in the manner of Dexter or Barrington in a festival game at Scarborough. Or perhaps declare. Or even dig in. Give me, please, a little time to think about it. A week, let's say.



SPRING FORECASTS



Miss Elizabeth Farrow has an eye for the amusing and odd, and her new antique shop at 185 Westbourne Grove is filled with a collection of what she aptly calls "country and decorated furniture, &c."; for instance, stripped sea chests, rocking chairs, a gleaming telescope, rather stiff, primitive paintings and a motley assortment of old children's toys, games and trains which are almost more appealing to an adult. Mrs. Farrow does not care a jot if things are only 50 years old or less, but she has nothing absolutely modern. This painted wooden flower fire-screen is typical of the antiques she has. The screen, circa 1790, costs £24

The aim of the new Rosenthal Studio House is to present to the public the widest selection of the best of modern Rosenthal design. Nearly everything at the show-room has been designed by one of the internationally famous Rosenthal Studio team, which includes designers such as Peynet, Lucienne Day, Bjorn Wiinblad. Also displayed, a sprinkling of what Rosenthal consider the best of Scandinavian and British design. Selections are made by a special committee appointed by Rosenthal, and the range covers china, glass, ovenware, cutlery, with a few lamps and small tables. This is a retail shop, but it is also an enterprise which it is hoped stores and shops will adopt. Shown: Part of a coffee-set designed by Emilio Pucci with brilliant mosaic squares, rimmed with gold, £37 6s. 6d. to order at 102 Brompton Road



Mallett at Bourdon House is the name of a new venture by the famous antique dealers, Mallett & Son of Bond Street. At the only remaining Georgian house in Davies Street, Mallett display French and other Continental furniture, pictures, objets d'art (mostly of 18th and early 19th century), in a period setting. Outside in a paved courtyard is a magnificent range of antique statuary and furniture. Shown are an important Louis XV marquetry commode, stamped by L. Boudin, circa 1750. On it: bronze and ormolu candelabra with unusual hunting motifs on the candle branches, on Blue John bases. These are French, circa 1795. Black and ormolu French clock, circa 1785. Above the commode, portrait of Miss Katherine Bristow, later Mrs. Dashwood, by Michael Dahl

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

Spanish leather coats, jackets, dresses and suits can now be found at Cordoba Suedewear, 53 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. All hand-made in leather or exquisite antelope suède, they are mainly ready-to-wear, but Cordoba will also make to measure and this takes about a fortnight. There are 35 colours to choose from but basic colours in ready-to-wear collections are scarlet, black, mahogany and mulberry. Haute couture styling means prices for jackets, about 15 gns.; coats up to 40 gns.; dresses 25 gns. in leather to 30 gns. in suède; suits up to 34 gns. with three skirt shapes to choose from. Any alteration is willingly taken on



Tivoli at 223 Brompton Road is a new shop covering all aspects of modern Scandinavian design, from silver jewellery to furniture. Designed by Terence Conran, with sleek, unfettered display shelves and compartments, Tivoli stocks glass, china, ovenware, cutlery, a complete Dansk range, wall hangings, linen and other home accessories. These, as well as clothes and jewellery, can be seen upstairs: downstairs are furniture (much of which is imported only by Tivoli), textiles and lights. Shown: a teak coffee-table. The lower shelf consists of sliding trays which can be taken out and used separately; underneath is a wicker workbasket which also slides out. £37 12s. On table—part of pottery coffee set in clive by Royal Copenhagen; a 15-piece set costs only £6 3s. String teak table lamp, £8 15s. 6d.

The organisation mum

The last hour of school holidays . . . time soon for a busy mother to indulge herself with some pretty fashions for spring termtime.

For country stockists turn to page 40



Travel coat in bouclé tweed 42½ gns., over a dress disguised as two-piece 37½ gns.; skirt in same tweed, sleeveless top in white wool. By Mattli Ready-to-Wear, together at Nora Bradley, S.W.3

DON'T FORGET	
<i>let down hems</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>



DON'T FORGET

Remember
the tuck
box



All-year basic: silky
tweed jumper suit in
pebble grey. Frank
Usher at Wakefords:
7½ gns.

Suit built for a season's
hard work in navy Shet-
land. Dereta at Wool-
lands: 12 gns. Pin,
Dickins & Jones: 3 gns.



Dusky blue tweed for Chanel suit addicts, the shirt in wine and blue Paisley silk. London Town, shortly at Ivor Hartnell, 21 gns.

Scarlet spotted silk for an afternoon dress and lining to a gently tailored navy tweed coat. Hardy Amies Ready-to-Wear at Cresta Shops: £69 5s.

DON'T FORGET	
<i>order the name tapes</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>





DON'T FORGET	
<i>school train</i>	
2.15	✓



COUNTRY STOCKISTS

- Page 35 Mattli Ready-to-Wear dress and coat at Nora Bradley, Guildford; Marshall & Snelgrove, Southport.
- Page 36 Frank Usher jumper suit at Mayfair Ltd., Winchester and all branches.
- Page 37 Dereta suit at Elliotts, Bath; Alberta Batsford, Shrewsbury.
- Page 38 London Town tweed suit is at Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Kendal Milne, Manchester.
- Page 39 Hardy Amies Ready-to-Wear coat and dress at Morrisons, Glasgow; Elaine, Guildford.
- Page 40 Matita suit with shirt at Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Lotinga, Norwich.
- Page 41 Sambo grey flannel dress and jacket at Rackhams, Birmingham; Darlings, Edinburgh.

Suit to plan around the crowded life: sherbet lace wool, colour copied in lighter tone for shirt. Matita, Nora Bradley: 40 gns. approx

Taking the office home —working suit in charcoal flannel, braided in tan. Little jacket, skirt flared for action. Sambo at Dickins & Jones: 8½ gns.

DON'T FORGET
tickets for
Panto ✓



YES?

ERDICTS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

The Cherry Orchard. Aldwych Theatre. (John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, Ian Holm, Dorothy Tutin, Judi Dench, Patrick Wymark.)

A rollick with Chekhov

NO FOREIGN PLAYWRIGHT IS BETTER LIKED IN THIS COUNTRY THAN Chekhov. Affection has increased through the years with increased understanding of his point of view, helped—if the authority of modern Russian directors is accepted—by a little sentimental misunderstanding. The really interesting thing about the new production of **The Cherry Orchard** at the Aldwych is that M. Michel Saint-Denis, who directs the glittering company of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, has been closely influenced by the Moscow Art Theatre performance which we saw here three years ago. This is a clear sign that a wind of change is blowing. It looks as if English romantics will have to say good-bye for a while to the slightly sentimentalized Chekhov they have taken to their hearts, and make do with a more purposeful comic dramatist who will make them laugh more and sigh less.

So be it; yet before we resign ourselves to the inevitable let us be quite sure that the new approach works as well as did the old.

The comedy is a very simple one. The celebrated orchard surrounds the home of a hereditary family and is bought by one of their emancipated serfs for development as a week-end bungalow site. Madame Ranevsky and her brother Gaev, who stand to lose the home of their childhood, are given excellent practical advice by their former serf while there is still time for something to be done. There is never the smallest hope that either of them will ever take in this advice, let alone act upon it. He talks too much to listen, she feels too intensely about everything ever to concentrate on any particular thing; and so home and orchard are lost for ever.

Komisar Jersky, a former director of the Imperial and State Theatre in Moscow, taught English audiences in the thirties that this comedy was full of laughter but of the kind that breaks suddenly and has, even while it lasts, a tragic echo. It is of this compassionate laughter that the present production seems to rob us. The emphasis is thrown not so much on the passing of all loveliness that its feckless guardians lack the will to preserve, but on the clumsy "perpetual" student's reiterated belief in the future of humanity and on Anya's bright eyes looking for the dawn of a better world than she has ever known. This is all very well. Certainly all Chekhov's plays have characters who illustrate man's constant longing for a better, more beautiful life, but can we be sure that they don't cherish illusions which in their hearts they know are illusions simply to soften their own intense consciousness of frustration?

However, Trofimov, as Mr. Ian Holm presents him, compels us to take his prophecies seriously in spite of all the ludicrous things that happen to him. It seems to follow—though the logic is surely delusive—that the rest of the characters are treated much more farcically than we expect to see them treated. Presumably we might otherwise be in danger of sentimentalizing them. Sir John Gielgud makes a brilliantly entertaining figure of Gaev, but we laugh at, and hardly ever with, the fecklessly vain old man who will pour out his soul to an old bookcase

when he can get nobody to listen to him, and has an almost frightening obsession with billiards. But his predicament is a purely comic predicament. It amuses us but is evidently not meant to stir our compassion. The old fool deserves to lose his orchard: so should we in the same circumstances.

It is the same with the grotesques. Epikhodov, helplessly imprisoned in his squeaky boots, the spinster governess with her imbecile card tricks, Pischik, the jovial sponger who has had two strokes but remembers that he is descended from the horse that Caligula made a consul—they are all excellently played, but they all invite nothing more sympathetic than the heartless laughter of plain farce. And Dame Peggy Ashcroft has to be very careful to make sure that we shall not think too kindly of Madame Ranevsky. Once or twice she forgets, as when she lets the telegrams from her lover in Paris lie on her lap, and while pretending to listen to the talk about her remembers his past betrayal and his present remorse. But the general impression made is that, like Gaev, she gets what she deserves, and that warmth of heart which is the lady's saving grace is scarcely felt.

If M. Saint-Denis's treatment is right, how can we explain the curious lack of tension in the party that fiddles away while the orchard is sold, the flatness made by the news that it has been sold, and the comparative ineffectiveness of the famous final scene of departure? Simply, surely, by saying that there has been, at least from the third act onwards, a want of communion between ourselves and the characters.



Crispian Woolgate

TAKING THE AIR on their doomed estate: Mme. Ranevsky (Peggy Ashcroft) and her brother Gaev (John Gielgud) in *The Cherry Orchard*

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

Judgment At Nuremberg. Director Stanley Kramer. (Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Richard Widmark, Montgomery Clift.)

The Young Ones. Director Sidney J. Furie. (Cliff Richard, Robert Morley, Carole Grey, Melvyn Hayes, Sonya Cordeau.)

In The Doghouse. Director Darcy Conyers. (Leslie Phillips, Peggy Cummins, Hattie Jacques, James Booth, Dick Bentley.)

The standing-up test

IT IS SAID THAT AT A PUBLIC MEETING WHERE MR. KHRUSCHEV WAS busily denouncing the late Comrade Stalin, a voice from the body of the hall inquired "How is it, then, he remained in power so long?" "Stand up, the person who asked that question," said Mr. K. Nobody rose—nobody so much as stirred. "That is the answer!" cried Mr. Khrushchev—scoring a palpable point with his customary gusto. The answer to the question of how Hitler was able to dominate Germany is precisely the same: through fear. Those who were not for him dared not show themselves to be against him: were they not, therefore, parties to the crimes he committed in the name of the German people? Mr. Stanley Kramer's strikingly impressive film, **Judgment At Nuremberg**, roundly maintains that they were. Four German judges have been brought to trial before a tribunal presided over by an American judge, Mr. Spencer Tracy—who approaches his task in a fine spirit of impartiality. The American prosecutor, Mr. Richard Widmark, who had a share in bringing the major war criminals to justice several years before, is ferociously bent upon securing the death penalty for all the accused: in his view, they were responsible for the degradation, torture and murder of countless innocent people.

The defending counsel, brilliantly played by Herr Maximilian Schell, insists that they were merely doing what is the duty of every judge—administering the law of their country in the honest belief that this was for their country's good. Like every other patriotic German (?), they had seen in Nazism the salvation of Germany: if they are guilty, so are all who ever, actively or tacitly, gave Hitler support or recognition—including the foreign powers with whom he had dealings. Mr. Tracy listens attentively to this (not unfamiliar) argument and broods upon it outside the courtroom. It strikes him as strange that nobody he meets is, or ever was, a Nazi. His servants assure him that they were not members of "the party," they were "non-political"; they knew nothing of the concentration camps or the extermination of the Jews. Neither did Miss Marlene Dietrich, a general's beautiful widow, who begs Mr. Tracy not to regard all Germans as monsters: her husband was executed as a war criminal (hanged, not shot, she complains bitterly) but he was guiltless of everything except of being a soldier and a patriot. Actually, he loathed Hitler.

Mr. Widmark produces in court the appalling newsreels taken by the Allied forces at the liberation of Dachau and Belsen. He produces, too, two witnesses against the Nazi judiciary: a man (poignantly played by Mr. Montgomery Clift) who was sterilized for no legal reason, and a middle-aged woman (the heartrending Miss Judy Garland) who, at 16, was falsely accused of immoral relations with an elderly Jew and imprisoned for two years. The sentences on both witnesses and the Jew, who was executed, were endorsed by one of the four judges on trial—the most upright and honourable of them, Mr. Burt Lancaster. While Herr Schell is cross-examining Miss Garland in the bullying terms used by the prosecution at her trial, Mr. Lancaster dramatically intervenes—to confess himself guilty of signing an innocent man's death warrant. He knew, everybody must have known, that wrong was being done in the name of political expediency—but he had not realized that it could go so far as it did. "It had gone so far the moment you condemned to death a man you knew to be innocent," is Mr. Tracy's dry comment. As the trial draws to a close, Mr. Kramer boldly indicates that the Americans, too, are capable of letting political considerations interfere with the course of justice. The U.S. military authorities, coping with the Russian blockade of Berlin, urge Mr. Tracy to deal leniently with the

accused on the grounds that "we need all the German goodwill we can get." Mr. Tracy remains, of course, implacably honest—though what good came of *that* a final footnote to the film makes one wonder.

I think it right that this superbly acted film should forcibly remind us of the Nazi's atrocities. I think it is true that the German people, under Hitler, did seem to forget that "ethical behaviour is the meaning of life"—but before we get *too* "holier-than-thou" about it all, let's remember that it is considerably easier to behave ethically where there's no Gestapo around. I was personally expelled from Germany in the mid-1930s for uttering anti-Nazi sentiments: I could have stayed to reiterate them—and if I had, nobody would ever have known what happened to me.

Stand by for a really pleasant surprise: **The Young Ones** is something I had begun to despair of ever seeing—a first-rate, lively and altogether delightful British musical. Yes, *British!* Its splendidly vital young cast is headed by Mr. Cliff Richard, who has come along very nicely indeed actingwise, and a charming, talented newcomer, Miss Carole Gray—and includes the roguish Mlle. Sonya Cordeau (whose bust would unman Miss Mansfield), the comical Messrs. Melvyn Hayes and Richard O'Sullivan, and The Shadows.

The plot is that oldie about the members of a youth club staging a dazzling show at a derelict theatre to raise funds to rescue their clubhouse from the clutches of a property tycoon (played suavely and wittily by Mr. Robert Morley)—but that doesn't matter. The young director, Mr. Sidney Furie, keeps the thing zipping along at such a pace that it looks as fresh as paint. Fourteen songs should keep Mr. Richard's fans happy—the admirable choreography (by Mr. Herbert Ross) should please everybody—and I think you will enjoy the film every bit as much as the cast does; that is to say enormously. If there were any beatniks connected with the production, somebody must have swept them under the carpet before I came in—thank goodness.

In The Doghouse is a jolly little comedy about a struggling vet (Mr. Leslie Phillips) who is kind to human beings as well as to animals. I advise you to try it.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

This Is My Last Affair, by Billie Holiday & Teddy Wilson.

His Greatest Years, Vol. III, by Louis Armstrong.

Jelly Roll Morton Trio.

Nick's Jazz, by Albert Nicholas Quartet.

The Great "Papa" Celestin's Jazzband.

Red Allen Plays King Oliver.

Does history repeat itself?

TWO NAMES CONJURE UP FOR ME MEMORIES OF THE 30S WHICH I DOUBT will ever be repeated. They are the Billie Holiday-Teddy Wilson team which made magic of the pop tunes of the day, *A fine romance, Back in your own backyard, This is my last affair*. They form the subject matter for Billie's latest epitaph (BBL7510), to make one of the most important reissues of last year. The diverse jazzmen who supported her on a dozen or more sessions include many who influenced the path of jazz, including Lester Young and Johnny Hodges, as well as Roy Eldridge. Force of circumstances combined to make her assume the mantle of the top blues singer when Bessie Smith died; ironically a similar fate was decreed for Lady Day a mere 20 years later.

Parlophone continue their policy of reissuing Louis Armstrong's **Greatest years** with Volume 3 (PMC1146), which comprises 16 tracks of 1927/28 vintage Satchmo, mostly Hot Seven tracks, with three of the later Hot Five sessions thrown in. From the collector's point of view this series is the best and most comprehensive, being a chronological discography of the great trumpeter's progress through the years. Even in the short period covered by this album one can detect slight changes in his style, and a noticeably more compact ensemble sound which could be construed by the purists as a departure from the true New Orleans

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



Last year the towers of ancient Alexandria reared themselves against the unlikely background of Buckinghamshire heathland; this year they rose again in Rome's great Cinecittà studios. And both times in honour of the same lady—Egypt's Queen Cleopatra. Miss Elizabeth Taylor (left) whose illness in London caused the delay and final abandonment of the Pinewood production retains the title role with Mr. Rex Harrison (opposite) as her conquering if somewhat world-weary Caesar. Mr. Joseph L. Mankiewicz's epic—he directs and also collaborated on the script—is probably the biggest Roman spectacle since the days of Gibbon's declining Emperors—and even they might have blenched at the cost. High points include the triumphal entry of Cleopatra into Rome with dancing Nubians (below) to welcome her in the Forum. There are battles and betrayals, a glare of costume and barbaric jewellery and an international cast list that includes a heavy percentage of Britain's best-known character actors

Roman spectacle

PHOTOGRAPHS:
ROBERT PENN





VERDICTS *continued*

jazz. One of Satchmo's musical contemporaries, though a generation older, was Jelly Roll Morton, whose trio featured Barney Bigard on clarinet. Later Bigard joined Duke Ellington and then Armstrong, with whom he is currently working. The Storyville EP (SEP379) presents jazz in its most melodic form, and I am amazed to find that Albert Nicholas, a clarinetist who formed close associations with Bigard from his early days, has recently recorded music in similar vein with a quartet (32-135) which includes one of the most interesting white pianists, Art Hodes. There is tremendous sensitiveness in this performance, which I regard as a strong link with the past.

An even deeper glimpse into the past is revealed by Storyville's tour of New Orleans (SLP103), which features Papa Celestin's and Bill Matthews's groups; theirs is the unspoilt pure music of three generations ago, and who is more appropriate to introduce it than George Lewis, whose own band contributes to the album? George is also the subject of a recent biographical study, *Call him George* (Peter Davies, 25s.), which reveals many aspects of negro life in the Crescent City during his long career as a musician there. Despite much repetition in the text, it is a document of his true greatness as a personality, rather than as a musician; the author, Dorothy Tait, has been his manager for several years, and has toured the world with Lewis and his band.

A very active musician today, who enjoys close links with the past, is Henry "Red" Allen. During the 20's he played trumpet in bands led by George Lewis and Fate Marable, until in 1927 he took over the second trumpet chair in King Oliver's band. His new album, *Red Allen plays King Oliver* (CLP1483), displays this fiery artist at his most exciting best. It also suggests that there are still hard-blowing units at work, creating the essence of Joe Oliver's sort of jazz. It recalls the day when a wide open window could ensure that the world came flocking to the hall, in just the same way that at the Metropole a wide open door attracts the crowd from Times Square in New York to hear Red and his merry men today.

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

X, Vol. I, ed. David Wright & Patrick Swift (Barrie & Rockliff, 32s. 6d.)
Childhood, by Maxim Gorki; *Selected Writings*, by Oscar Wilde; *Moll Flanders*, by Daniel Defoe; *Poems*, by George Herbert; *Diaries*, by Anthony à Wood. World's Classics series. (Oxford, 7s. 6d. each)
Venus With Sparrows, by Rosemary Harris. (Faber, 16s.)
The Forgotten Smile, by Margaret Kennedy. (Macmillan, 18s.)
The History Of Roads, by Hermann Schreiber. (Barrie & Rockliff, 35s.)

The Person from Porlock haunts me

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR WRITERS' BLOOD RUNS THIN, PUBLISHERS GO into hibernation to balance the books, and the alarming flood of printed pages is momentarily stemmed. This means there is time to go back to books one may have missed, rearrange one's ideas on costume fiction, contemplate phenomena of our time such as the way writers get fixations on groups of characters (Bates with the Larkins, Salinger with those mystifying Glasses) and generally take it a touch more peacefully until the trade reckons we're ready to dash out and restock our libraries in the spring. (No one has ever yet been able to explain to me why publishers don't save up some staggering surprise for the dead empty first week of the year and hog every book column in the business.)

X, Volume I, is something I've been saving up myself. This is the collection of a number of issues of *X*, a quarterly literary review edited by David Wright and Patrick Swift, with such contributors as Barker, Beckett, Patrick Kavanagh and a whole new bunch of French and American writers and critics. The tone is lively, sane and for the most part very sharp. I like the way it looks. I like particularly a fierce article on current London theatre by Charles Marowitz called "New Wave in a Dead Sea," and I am haunted by one of Stevie Smith's most unnervingly oracular and minatory poems about the deep blessing

bestowed by the Person from Porlock who interrupted the composition of *Kubla Khan*:

"I long for the Person from Porlock
 To bring my thoughts to an end
 I am becoming impatient to see him
 I think of him as a friend"

In our days of acute anxiety about status symbols, it is perhaps as well to give some thought to the book you would choose to have found in your pocket—turned back to mark the place, in the Shelley manner—when you are suddenly run into by a mad bicyclist on a zebra crossing. I would unhesitatingly opt for one of the new World's Classics, adorable in form and content and just the right sort of size to fit the pocket without breaking the heart of your tailor. New titles include Gorki's *Childhood*, *Selected Writings* of Oscar Wilde, *Moll Flanders*, Herbert's *Poems* and a splendid edition of the *Diaries* of Anthony à Wood, an antiquary living at the time of the Commonwealth and Restoration at Oxford. His spelling is triumphantly exuberant, his taste runs somewhat morbidly towards the sensational and the glumly uncivil—most pages seem to contain a little something about hanging, drunkenness or at best a touch of bestiality, but somehow the overall impression is one of a sort of lugubrious brio. Wood looks the worst squarely in the eye, and enjoys every moment of it. I like specially to think of the undergraduates of Xt Ch who acted a play in January 1664 and alas gave themselves "to drunkenness and wantonness, especially among themselves, etc." Someone was always around to see they were up to no good as usual. One wonders, not too closely, about that aghast "etc."

Briefly: Venus With Sparrows, by Rosemary Harris, is a cheerful, heartless and to me ultimately rather boring novel on a theme Firbank would have liked, about a raddled old lady called Lolly d'Arquebus who was once ravishingly beautiful and finds herself running a rather *louche* finishing school. . . . *The Forgotten Smile*, by Margaret Kennedy, is a perfectly pleasant, professional novel, good for reading on buses, about three sad people and a Greek island, and it is simply not fair to Miss Kennedy to go on biting one's nails because she hasn't written another *Constant Nymph*. . . . If the fact that from the air you can still clearly see the Roman military road running along by Hadrian's Wall seems to you a subject of almost unbearable excitement, the book for you is *The History of Roads*, by Hermann Schreiber. I am myself transported by the information that in Ancient Egypt you filled your canals with crocodiles as a safeguard against invasion, and that the Roman roads had four layers—*statumen*, *ruderatio*, *nucleus* and, guess what, *summa crusta*. All I missed was a chapter explaining why at one point in the history of every dictator they always say, "But look how he has improved the roads. . . ."

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Alan Lowndes paintings. Crane Kalman Gallery
 Alexandre, paintings, & Elena Gaputyte, drawings. Rawinsky Gallery

Lowndes v. Lowry

AS PLAYWRIGHT WILLIS HALL REMARKS IN A PREFACE TO THE CATALOGUE of Alan Lowndes's exhibition, comparison between the work of Lowndes and that of L. S. Lowry is inevitable. Both, he says, are "accurate social historians dedicated to the back-streets and slums of Lancashire." So far so good. But, in fact, it is the differences between these two artists, rather than their resemblances, that makes comparison interesting. And the principal difference between them is that Lowry is a conscious social historian while Lowndes seems unaware of the role he is playing. Lowry, when he paints his curious and, at once, both pathetic and ridiculous figures in their 1920's clothing, is conscious of creating a curious image of people whom he still regards as curious despite the fact that he has lived all his life among them. Lowndes may paint curious little figures, but is evidently unaware that he is doing so.

He is himself so much one of the people he paints that it is impossible that they should appear curious to him.

Despite this, Mr. Willis Hall reads into his pictures a great deal of social significance that is not there. It is wishful thinking to say, for instance, that "Lowndes's figures are those of a people struggling to get out of that [slum] environment." If the slum-dwellers in North Country towns are indeed struggling to be free of their environment, the fact has escaped Mr. Lowndes. He shows them cosily and contentedly integrated with their warm red brick surroundings, walking as freely and safely about traffic-free Victorian streets as their grandfathers did, blissfully unaware of their own social significance. Perhaps it is because of their refusal to behave as symbols that the most powerful of all Lowndes's paintings is one in which none of them appears. In the background dawn is breaking over a row of dingy millworkers homes where, as yet, no one stirs. In the middle distance stands a cheerless pub, the Navigation, that gives its name to the picture. Over its uninviting front door a forgotten light has burned all night.

Not a soul is in sight, yet the picture is filled with a presence far more powerful and eloquent than that of all the little people in all the other canvases put together. There is in it something of the early, and best, work of Utrillo.

A few months ago in this column I wrote about a 70-year-old "peasant" painter called Alexandre, whom I had "discovered" while on holiday in Provence. I found him in a picturesque old farmhouse surrounded by the vineyards in which he has worked all his life and from which, almost every day for 55 years, he has gone home after the day's hard labour to paint colourful pictures of the landscape and the things around him. His home was filled with them. Done in oils on odd pieces of wood, cardboard, paper or canvas, they were stuck



Alan Lowndes: he now lives in Cornwall

together in piles on tables and chairs in the little back room that serves him as a studio. Now a selection of these pictures, so neatly framed that the artist would not recognize them, shares the Rawinsky Gallery, off Regent Street, with a collection of drawings by the Lithuanian-born sculptress, Elena Gaputyte. And it is gratifying to see that when I wrote, in the first flush of enthusiasm, that they reminded me of the work of Sir Matthew Smith, I was not too wide of the mark.

Perhaps it is a pity that most of his paintings are of *petit format*, for the "assurance of the drawing, the freedom of the brushwork, the sensuous feeling for paint and the richness of colour," which I have already noted, would surely enable him to succeed on a larger scale. On the other hand there are already so many painters painting big, in the mistaken belief that "big" will be equated with "good," that it might be wiser to count small blessings with gratitude. Blessings these little landscapes, still-lives and flower pieces certainly are, for they convey much of the rare sense of pleasure that the artist ("*je peint seul pour me plâir*" he says) experienced in painting them. A whole world and way of life separates them from Miss Gaputyte's stern and serious drawings. Her brooding Cornish landscapes and severe, yet sensitive, figures are instinct with the sense of that struggle which is so great a part of life in general and of her life in particular.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

BECAUSE MORE PEOPLE ARE DRINKING WINE, IT FOLLOWS THAT MORE people are cooking with it. The first introduction to wine in the kitchen may be when there is a little left over from dinner. If this is carefully poured into a small bottle which it will fill, and tightly corked, it will remain as wine, instead of turning into a sour vinegary liquid, and can wait until such time as it is required for a dish. While I would not suggest opening a bottle of fine wine for cooking purposes, the fact remains that the better the wine the better the sauce or other dish in which it is used. Recently, on a visit to a French friend, she served LAPIN EN GIBLOTTE. This was so delicious that I decided that I had neglected rabbit for long enough. Here is the recipe. The amounts are enough for 6 to 8 people.

Get the butcher or poulterer to cut a young rabbit of 4 to 5 lb. into suitable serving pieces. Place them in a large enough basin and cover them with cold water to which has been added a teaspoon of vinegar per pint. Leave for an hour or so, then drain, rinse and dry them. Fry the pieces in up to $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. lard or bacon dripping until a golden brown all over. Transfer them to a casserole with 2 to 3 tablespoons of hot water, cover and keep hot.

Pour off most of the fat from the frying-pan, leaving behind only enough into which to blend well 2 oz. of flour. Cook for a minute or two, then add just under 1 pint each of water and dry white wine. Simmer a few minutes. Add 2 tablespoons of tubed tomato purée, the juice of a clove of garlic squeezed through a press, a *bouquet garni*, a little salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Boil for a few minutes, then pour the lot over the rabbit pieces in the casserole and add, if necessary, more wine and water to cover them. Cover and simmer for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, when the rabbit should be beautifully tender. Taste and season further, as required.

Lift out the pieces of rabbit and arrange them in a heated deep-enough serving dish. Remove the *bouquet garni*. Add to the sauce 3 to 4 tablespoons of double cream, heat through, pour the sauce over the rabbit and serve. A sprinkling of freshly chopped parsley is not essential, but it does make the dish more attractive to the eye. Plainly boiled

A French way with rabbit

potatoes go best with this dish. Incidentally, chicken can be cooked and served in the same way.

Speaking of potatoes reminds me that they have been rather troublesome this past year. I found that the only way of keeping them intact, if boiled, was to cook them in their jackets, with the exception of taking off a narrow strip of skin all round, lengthwise. Then I never allowed them to boil hard. If by chance they did I added a tablespoon or so of cold water to arrest the action. It was just a moment's work to take off the remaining skin before sending the potatoes to table. (One can, of course, steam potatoes, but steam results in a steamy kitchen.)

Two weeks ago, I received a DANISH SMOKED TENDERLOIN OF PORK which, as you know, is the fillet of pork. It is unique. It makes a delicious main course or, served cold and in smaller portions, could be the star dish of hors d'oeuvres. At the moment, the only place where this special pork can be bought is the Danish Food Centre in Conduit Street. It costs 12s. a pound, which is not expensive when you consider that every speck is edible and that there is little if any shrinkage in the cooking. Here is the recipe.

Place it in a pan and cover with cold water and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint dry white wine (or more, if you like). Bring to the boil and simmer for 20 minutes. Then proceed as follows: Put several nuts of butter in a baking tin. Place the drained and dried tenderloin on top and spread two tablespoons of Demerara sugar on it. Dot the surface with 2 to 3 small pieces of butter and put 4 thin slices of unpeeled orange on top. Pour a little red wine into the baking tin and bake the meat for 10 to 15 minutes in a fairly hot oven (425 deg. F., or gas mark 7) or until the glaze is a pleasing brown. Remove to a heated dish. Make a gravy by blending 1 oz. flour into the baking-tin and adding enough of the water-wine in which the tenderloin was originally cooked to make a not-too-thick sauce. Season to taste.

Cut the meat into slices in the kitchen and arrange them, overlapping each other, in a heated serving-dish. Garnish them with florets of cooked cauliflower, cooked baby carrots and, if you like, cooked peas. Sprinkle freshly chopped parsley over all. Serve the gravy in a heated sauce-boat.

Good Looks: Eyes right!



EYE BRIEFING: Outlines have softened up—grey and dark brown now make prettier, more believable rims for the eye. Eye shadows live up to their names, making a soft backing. The hard, brash rim which took a lot of wearing is as dated as a hectic touch of rouge. 1962 is the year of the round-eyed look which takes a maximum breadth at eye centre to emphasize the widest point. Still devastating is the deliberately feline eye. Trick here is not to begin the line at the outside corners but slightly up the lid so that it resets the arch. Dry skin in the eye area can be warded off by nightly appointments with a special cream. Or even a fragile finger printing with pure almond oil helps. Keep powder and tinted foundations away from this fragile-skinned area—it's the quickest and surest way to age a baby-textured skin. Eye strain is a kick-back from fluorescent lighting, long stretches of television, reading on trains. Try the old trick of "palming" the eyes to exclude all light. Whenever eyes are expected to adjust constantly because of the movements of a train or car, refocus them frequently to avoid strain on muscles. Quick tonics for a tired view are Optrex eye pads which are mask-shaped and deliciously stimulating to drooping lids. Restful, too, are eye masks for cat naps or even long sleeps (Elizabeth Arden have them in their Bond Street salon). A neat new way to put on the green is with Revlon's sizzling Fresh Emeralds eyeshadow stick—a cool, brisk green. Lancaster, well-known in France, are wintering for the first time in London. They make a pretty, sequinned green called Vert Paillété which is designed to go over their invisible Bistre shadow. They have a sharp, bright green for outlining the eyes, too, called simply Vert. Eye allergies are tiresome, and mascara is frequently the culprit—one answer here is to tip only the ends of lashes, missing out the roots completely. Lancôme's mascara seems to suit quite a few normally allergic people and Max Factor's Theatrical Make-up in a carbon-paper black often makes an acceptable substitute for allergic eye lines (in a solid block, it is painted on with a soft brush). Anthisan is a good ointment to try as a treatment for eyes that have reacted allergically, but if the condition doesn't improve doctors have dozens of such creams, and one is sure to suit your case.

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY WARNER

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

What's with watches

DURING RECENT YEARS THE TREND IN ANTIQUE WATCH AND CLOCK collecting appears to have gained ground, a fact greatly emphasised by numerous exhibitions offered to the public, the most notable being the Ilbert Collection at the British Museum. This is, without any doubt, the finest collection in the world through which the history of time-keeping and the development of clocks and watches from the end of the middle ages to the late 19th century can be traced. In October, last year, over £40,000 was paid for a variety of watches and clocks at the two leading London auction rooms, Messrs. Christie's and Messrs. Sotheby's, anything between a few pounds and several thousands of pounds being paid for a single watch.

I have just completed some research on old watches and clocks by courtesy of Mr. Camerer Cuss, whose collection is on view at his New Oxford Street showrooms, London, and I have come to the conclusion that in the first instance it should be noted that there is, in watch collecting, both a technical or mechanical aspect, and a decorative or artistic one; often the two being in conjunction. Perhaps in no other form of collecting can one get this combined satisfaction of aesthetic and "mechanical" pleasures.

Since the span of years covered by watch collectors can be said to extend from about 1550 to 1850, many have chosen to concentrate on certain periods or on specialised types; while some, attracted mainly

by the technical details, have almost entirely eschewed cases, forming a collection of movements only. Other collectors prefer, where possible, to have science and art united in one piece, nothing giving greater pleasure than an interesting movement in a fine case.

The photographs serve to illustrate this point. The watch shown (*above*) in opened and closed positions was made by Peter Garon of London and has an eight-day movement—very rare at this period, *circa* 1695, the golden age of English watch and clockmaking—as well as the more usual day-of-the-month aperture on the dial, housed in a beautifully engraved silver case. The interest of the watch shown (*below left*) lies mainly in the dial. The central hour disc revolves eleven-twelfths in an hour. The single hand not only indicates the minutes on the calibrated band, but passing across the hour disc also indicates the hour. In the photograph the time shown is 6.25. The outer case is an example of repoussé work on a watch case.

The watch shown in three positions (*below*) is an example of the engraver's craft, from a favourite period for those whose eyes are captivated more by externals than by any mysteries or niceties within. It can be dated *circa* 1620, that is in the middle years of what has been called the Age of Decoration in watches. It was in these years that the work of the enameller and lapidary as well as the gold and silversmith and engraver was lavished on watches.



TOM HUSTLER PHOTOGRAPHS

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



Amanda, five months, with her mother Mrs. Bryan Harris. Mr. & Mrs. Harris live in Hyde Park Gardens

Shaunagh, seven months, & mother, the Hon. Mrs. Colthurst. Behind them is Penshurst Place, which Mrs. Colthurst and her husband, Mr. Oliver Colthurst, were running for her father Viscount De L'Isle, now Governor-General of Australia. They joined him there at Christmas time



Alexander, 19 months, with his father, Mr. Robert Cooper. He is seen again, above right, with his twin brother and sister, **Charles and Carina**, 4 months. Mr. & Mrs. Cooper live with their children at Ramsbury, Wilts

Louise, five months, with her mother, Mrs. Miles Huntington-Whiteley, at their home in Pavilion Road, S.W.1. Mrs. Huntington-Whiteley was Countess Viktoria zu Castell-Rüdenhausen before she married in 1960



Below:

The Hon. George, 5, and the Hon. Henry Herbert, 2½, sons of Lord and Lady Porchester. He is the heir to the Earl of Carnarvon, and the Porchesters' home is Milford Lake House, near Newbury



Sarah, nine months, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Taylor. He is chairman and founder of the Taylor-Woodrow group, and the family live in Park Street

MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

IF YOU HAVE NOT ALREADY BEEN THERE, YOU HAVE UNTIL SATURDAY TO see the Racing Car Show at the Horticultural Halls, Westminster. For the ambitious young racing driver the chief attraction will be the 1962 Formula Junior single-seaters in which Britain has established such a commanding lead; the Lotus, Elva, Cooper, Merlyn and Gemini. But the Continental constructors have not given up the struggle. In Italy, Stanguellini, whose cars were unbeatable at the beginning of Formula Junior racing, has followed the British example and put his engine behind the driver for next year and at the Show there is a Swiss contender, the Monteverdi, also with rear engine, produced by a young designer-driver. Racing sports cars are now wearing their engines behind the driver and there are several new 1100 c.c. two-seaters, with Climax or Ford Anglia engines for next season, built by Lotus, Elva, and Deep Sanderson.

Most constructors of Formula 1 Grand Prix cars, which are usually reserved for the works team, at least during their first season, prefer to keep their latest models secret until the Easter Goodwood meeting, or the Monte Carlo Grand Prix, when the struggle for the new World Championship starts in earnest, but Eric Broadley has given us a chance to see the new Lola, with Climax engine, which the Yeoman Credit team, led by John Surtees, will be using.

The future of Grand Prix racing cars is clouded by the Government's decision to charge the full purchase tax of 55 per cent on them (previously it has been refunded in view of their importance to British prestige). It's a poor reward for all the effort and the sacrifices which have carried Britain to the top in international motor racing. Thousands of pounds will now become payable on British Grand Prix cars, yet they may be destroyed in their first race. It contrasts oddly with the treatment accorded to taxis, which continue to escape the tax.

World Champion Jack Brabham has left the Cooper team and is going to build his own racing cars to the designs of Ron Tauranae, a young Australian engineer. Meanwhile he is producing some very potent M.G. Midgets and Austin Healey Sprites for sale with Coventry Climax engines. There's a new Turner sports car at the Show, Tornado present their new Gran Turismo four-seater with a modified Ford Classic engine, and there are several of the cars which have already scored racing successes, including the four-wheel-drive Ferguson.

The Show is also the mecca of the enthusiasts who build their own cars. At first, they were mostly youngsters with more enthusiasm than money, who bought a second-hand car, usually an old side-valve Ford Anglia or Popular, threw away the body, reconditioned the chassis and fitted an open two-seater body made by one of the people who specialise in making glass fibre body shells. On some, which were built by unskilful owners and trimmed with the aid of press-ganged girl friends, the interior did tend to look like an unmade bed after a month or two, and when second-hand sports cars became available at reasonable prices the trade dwindled. The modern home-built car usually has a chassis built up from new parts and in its detail finish it might pass for a factory-built job. Body makers have improved their styling enormously and do more of the trimming themselves. They have met the challenge of the second-hand sports car by concentrating on 2-4 seater coupés with good luggage space, a type which has been neglected by the big manufacturers.

The second-hand chassis, like the side-valve Ford which I recently drove, fitted with a Falcon Caribbean body, has severe limitations. The attempt to produce a low-built car on a high chassis sent the feet up in the air; the brakes were not very potent and the effect was like a new overcoat worn over a rather threadbare suit. However, one American liked the Falcon body so much that he cut one in halves down the centre line, widened it by adding glass fibre and resin, and fitted it on a Jaguar XK 120 chassis. It will also fit some of the modern chassis produced specially for home constructors, like the L.M.B. With lamps, windows, grille, bonnet, doors and bumpers, the body costs about £170. The L.M.B. chassis is designed to take the engine, gearbox, and back axle of a Ford Anglia or a Morris Minor. The one I drove recently had

Racing car package deals

Above: *Prototype Warwick G.T. with plastic body and light alloy Buick V8 3½-litre engine. Top: Falcon Caribbean body will fit a variety of chassis including L.M.B. and old-type Ford Popular*

a supercharged Anglia engine and an E.B. Debonair body, with two very occasional rear seats and a useful luggage trunk. The engine was highly flexible and by no means noisy. Steering was light and quick, the car cornered well, though with a creaking noise from somewhere under the body, and I saw 100 m.p.h. on the speedometer. The parts to build a chassis like this, minus engine or gearbox, cost about £260.

In South Wales, chassis parts and body shells are being made by Gilbern, who use a tubular space frame to support the moulded plastic body shell. I tried a Gilbern coupé with a supercharged Morris Minor 1000 engine producing an impressive 68 horsepower, which gave a genuine 65 in third and well over 90 in top. This engine, too, was very flexible, all-round vision was good and I liked the driving position, but the steering was rather heavy on sharp corners. The ride was surprisingly comfortable and finish was particularly good. A kit of parts, including body, chassis and engine, costs £845. The supercharger adds £70, wire wheels £50 and disc front brakes £20.

I concluded my quick tests with a real fire-breathing monster, the plastic-bodied Warwick (formerly the Peerless) fitted with a light alloy Buick V8 engine of 3½ litres instead of the usual Triumph TR3. It rushed up to 100 m.p.h. in an incredibly short stretch of road and there was very little need to change gear, which was fortunate, because on this first prototype the gear change was very difficult, and my hand was continually flicking the overdrive switch as the steering wheel was too flexible. Corners were made more exciting by the exhaust pipes striking sparks from the ground. Inside, it was hot and noisy, but this is a vehicle with enormous potential once it has been fully developed.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

The fortunes of Smith

THIS WEEK, LET US CONSIDER THE CASE OF POOR JOHN SMITH, AN executive in a Mayfair advertising agency. He's quite fictitious, because there are so many of him—not all executives, not all in advertising agencies. Age, 31. Married, one child, lives in Chelsea. Breakfast, coffee or Perkin's "Green Flash," depending on the night before. Never takes his car to the office—can't park—usually gets a cab. Sits at a desk most of the day. Lunches either off sandwiches in his office or more lavishly if he's entertaining a client. Watches commercial television most evenings, in case he had a hand in 15-seconds of the entertainment. Washes his car on Saturdays. Takes a long walk on Sundays—120 yards to the pub round the corner.

Smith has obviously got to be taken in hand. As long as they aren't too hearty, his friends can do a lot to help. A round of golf at the weekend. A game of squash in the early evenings. Perhaps a run in Hyde Park at lunchtime. He might even discuss agency matters and learn to breathe, run and talk at the same time. His wife could help, too, by dropping into Lillywhites. All sorts of intriguing keep-fit equipment here... like the Pedalex, which would fit neatly under his knee-hole desk at the office. While dictating Smith can pedal away like mad. A sort of disc brake makes uphill work of it, but that's the whole benefit; £8 15s. Then there's the Swingrite golf trainer, with a special head that gives a satisfying click if it was swung correctly; £5 15s. Or that about a gymnast's bar, which clamps across a door frame (without damaging it) and allows Smith to bring his knees up to his chin? 40s. 9d. And there are barbells, dumb-bells, track-suits, running shoes, singlets and shorts and everything else Smith could need. Yes, but you know what a weak, backsliding fellow Smith is. He won't keep it up for long. He'll take the brake off his Pedalex, use the Swingrite for a hammer, and pay someone to take the weights upstairs to the attic.

The answer to Smith's problem seems to be to join a health club; I went along to the Town & City Health Club at 37 Oxford Street to see what could be done for him. This was the first true health club to open in Britain, though there have been gymnasiums ever since the Romans arrived. It's an American organization, with seven clubs open now (Oxford Street, Woolwich, Kingston, Birmingham, Manchester, Portsmouth, Southampton) and 12 more planned for 1962, opening at a planned rate of one a month. The Oxford Street branch is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays; the other days they let the girls in. As the name suggests, it's run on a club basis. You can go in when you want to and stay as long as you like. There are individual changing cubicles, a steam room, a sun-lamp room; in the actual exercise room the walls are lined with mirrored glass so that you can see what you are doing, and music is piped in, of a quietly martial type. Most of the clubs are planned to have barbers, coffee and milk bars, and TV rest rooms, though the Oxford Street club doesn't boast these; it was the first experiment when they still wondered if they would catch on in England. No worries about that now; there are 85,000 members through London alone.

At first this surprised me, especially as the membership is £10 a year, with a minimum length of 5 years. However, the £50 is payable in annual £10 instalments, and there are no side expenses or tips; it's quite inclusive. And there's a written guarantee of results. It works like this. When John Smith goes along, he'll meet an instructor, a fully trained physiotherapist, who will decide on a programme for him and record that and his weights and measures on a card. Each week this is revised and new exercises are added. In the words of the instructor who took me round, a man is taken at his present capabilities and taken through a series of planned exercises until he reaches his maximum potential. Smith must decide for himself what he wants to do to his body; he could lose weight, or gain it, tone up his muscles, improve his posture and breathing, or even go the whole body-building hog. There are all sorts of machines—stationary bicycle, weight-lifting hoists, dumb-bells, barbells, and one device that simulates a long walk in a very few minutes.

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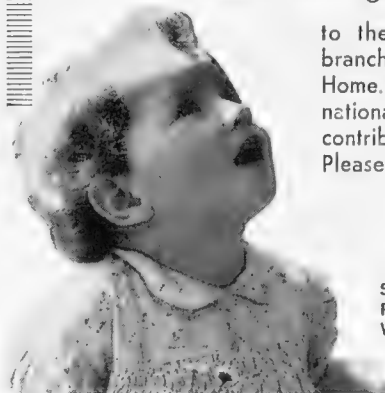
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Warde—Dutton: Susan Kathleen, daughter of Major & Mrs. J. R. O'B. Warde, of Squerries Court, Westerham, Kent, was married to Richard Odard Astley, son of the late Mr. Astley Dutton, and of Mrs. Dutton, of Iverna Court, W.8, at St. Mary's Church, Westerham



Siggers—Surtees: Ann Barbara, daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. F. S. Siggers, of Elm Farm House, Woolton Hill, Newbury, Berkshire, was married to Captain Peter Hugh Surtees, son of the Rev. C. V. de L. Surtees, of Preston Rectory, Uppingham, Rutland, at Woolwich Royal Academy Chapel



Eccles—Dulles: Sarah Helen, daughter of Major & Mrs. E. B. Eccles, of Mickley, Yorkshire, was married to Frank William Harrison, son of Mr. O. L. Harrison Dulles, of Lausanne, and Mrs. G. Vidler Dulles, of Avenue Foch, Paris, at Ripon Cathedral



Studio Alexander



Miss Geraldine Ellis to Mr. Nicholas Cussons: She is the daughter of Mrs. D. Midgley, of Newlands, Knutsford, and the late Dr. E. L. H. Ellis. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. L. Cussons, of Hale Bank, Ringway, Cheshire

Yevonde



Miss Valerie Dawn Pomfret to Mr. Peter Jeremy Clark: She is the daughter of Mr. Virgil Pomfret, of Kilchrenan, Argyllshire, and Mrs. Desiree Pomfret, of Old Manor Barn, Chartham, Canterbury. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Clark, of Delgany, Uckfield

Yevonde



Miss Margaret Louise Eaton to Mr. Henry Martin Lockhart Smith: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. W. Eaton, of Luddesdown Court, Kent. He is the son of Colonel & Mrs. H. B. Lockhart Smith, of Ellingham Hall, Suffolk



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Lieutenant-Commander D. R. M. Tuke, R.N., and Miss M. E. Graves

The engagement is announced between David Roderick Maudsley, son of the late Mr. A. F. M. Tuke and of Mrs. Tuke, of Hillacre, Chilcomb, Winchester, and Mary Elizabeth (Bunty), daughter of Commander the Rev. W. H. Graves, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Graves, of Four Arrows, Emsworth, Hampshire.

Mr. P. A. Alliott and Miss J. J. Baker

The engagement is announced between Peter Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Alliott, of Stowting, near Ashford, Kent, and Jennifer Jane, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Baker, of Wingrove House, Corbridge, Northumberland.

Mr. B. P. R. Pritchard and Miss J. S. Hicks

The engagement is announced between Benjamin Patrick Ruddle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pritchard, of 22 Stack House, Ebury Street, S.W.1, and Janet Susan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hicks, of Pound House, Brenchley, Kent.

Mr. T. H. Dewey and Miss M. M. Aubrey

The engagement is announced between Timothy Hugh, son of Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Dewey, of Warders, Tonbridge, Kent, and Margaret Mia, elder daughter of Mrs. G. H. Bird, of Barry Hill House, Bitton, Gloucestershire, and the late Dr. T. D. R. Aubrey.

Mr. J. M. C. Rutherford and Miss J. G. Ballantyne

The engagement is announced between John Malcolm Chalmers, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rutherford, of Rutherford Lodge, Kelso, Roxburghshire, and Jean Gavin, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ballantyne, of Caerlee House, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire.

Mr. T. W. N. Jenney and Miss F. B. Wright

The engagement is announced between Terence William Napier, son of the late Brigadier R. C. N. Jenney, C.B.E., and Mrs. Jenney, of Hinchley Wood, Esher, Surrey, and Frances Barbara, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. H. Wright, of Weston Green, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Mr. J. M. Norman and Miss D. V. Rutherford

The engagement is announced between John Michael, son of the late Mr. F. C. Norman and Mrs. Norman, of Brown Tiles, Weybridge, Surrey, and Diana Vere, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Rutherford, of Clere Lodge, Weybridge, Surrey.

Dr. J. H. K. Reeves and Miss P. D. Tighe-Leeson

The engagement is announced between James Hargrave Kirk, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Reeves, of 418 Copnor Road, Portsmouth, and Patricia Dawn, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tighe-Leeson, of Peasmore, Newbury, Berks.

Mr. J. M. Sanderson and Miss S. E. Pye

The engagement is announced between John Maxwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Derek Sanderson, of Tenerife, Canary Islands, and Susan Elizabeth, elder daughter of Brigadier Randall Pye, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Pye, of Avenings, Danehill, Sussex.

Mr. M. L. Maycock and Miss N. S. Morgan

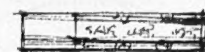
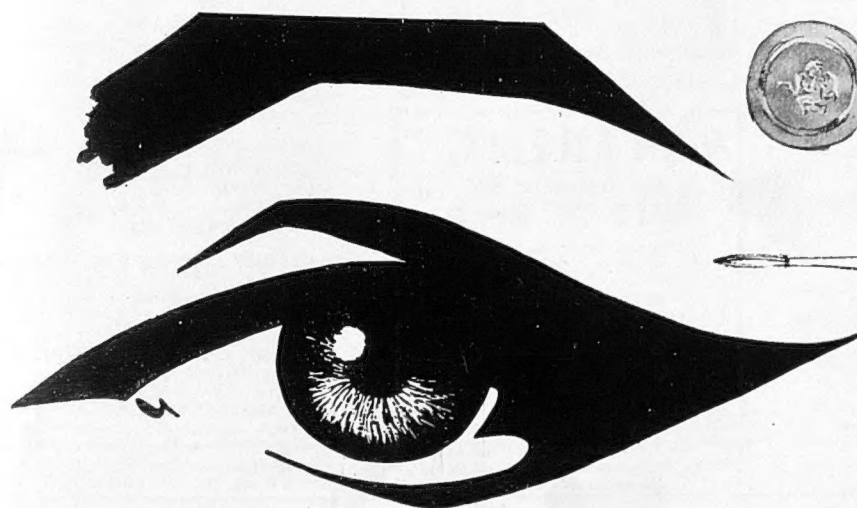
The engagement is announced of Michael Langley, son of the late Mr. T. L. C. Maycock and of Mrs. K. Maycock, of Slinfold, Sussex, and Nicola Susan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Morgan, of Newlands, Horsham, Sussex.

Mr. E. F. Aragon and Miss M. E. M. Long

The engagement is announced between Ernest Frederick, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Aragon, of 22 Gateways, Surbiton Hill Road, Surbiton, Surrey, and of Purana Paltan, Dacca, East Pakistan, and Mavis Elise Mary, only daughter of the late Mr. R. C. Long and Mrs. Long, of 39 Richmond House, Bromley Cross, Lancashire.

Mr. C. L. Hope and Miss S. J. E. McDowall

The engagement is announced between Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hope, of Fountain Lodge, Ravelston Dykes, Edinburgh, and Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McDowall, of Old Granary, Great Eversden, Cambridge.



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FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES: Make a note right away that it is now possible to include, in a long lasting and most attractive style, announcements of forthcoming marriages in *The Tatler* (see page 55). The rate is 1 gn. per line and details should be sent, together with remittance, to Miss D. Carding, *The Tatler*, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

"HOW TO FIND US" maps prepared. A. Fyffe, Bourne Chambers (J), St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth: 25226.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. January 3, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
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BEAUTY

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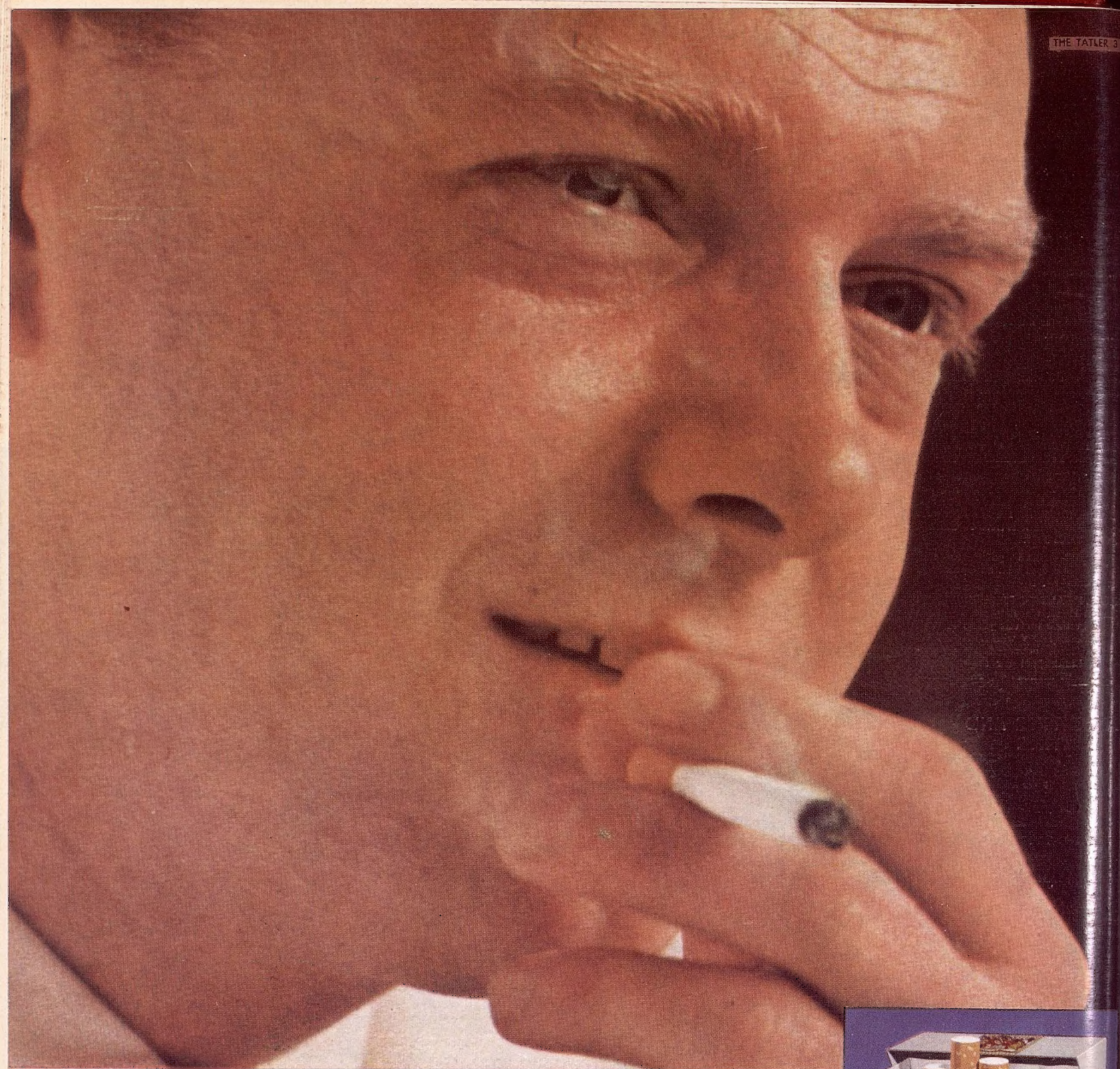
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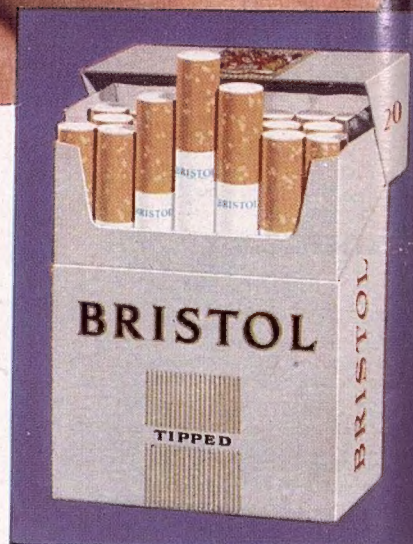
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